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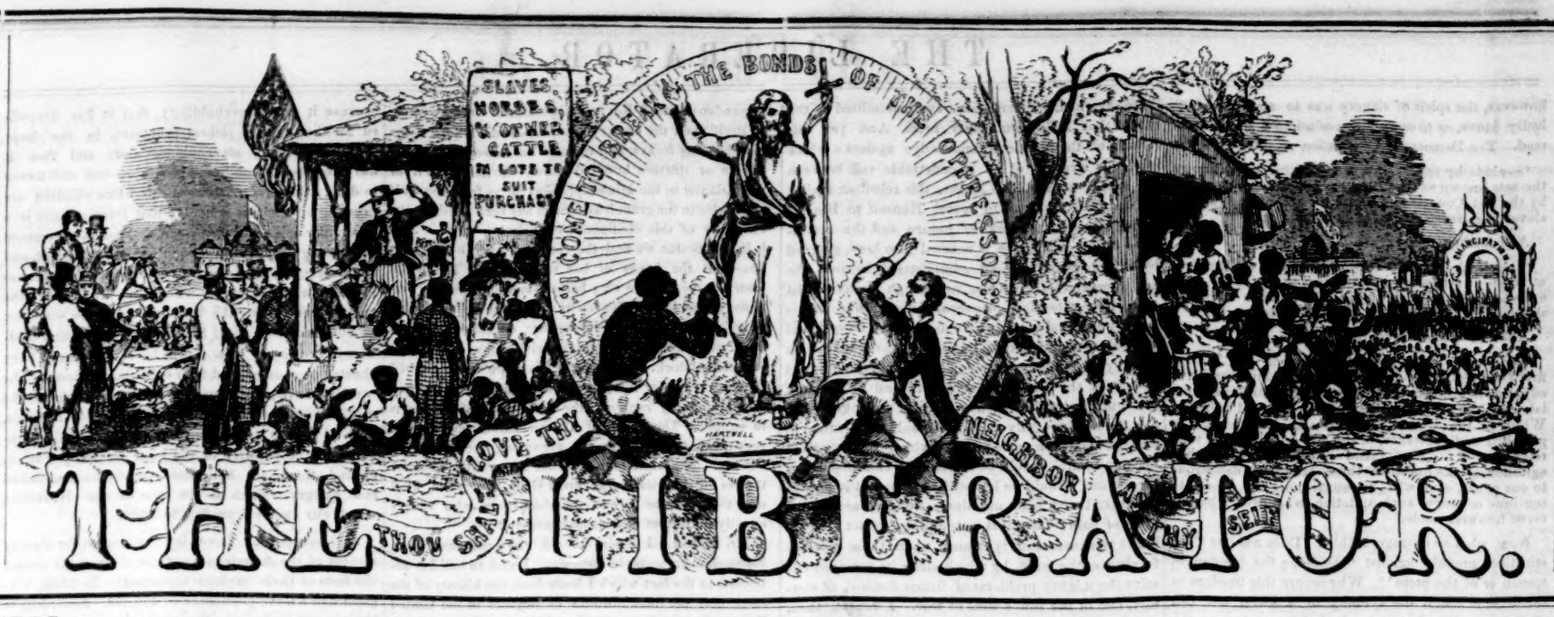

THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fata to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXII. NO. 36. BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1128.

Refuge of Oppression.

From the Washington Union.

PARDON FOR ABDUCTING SLAVES.

Drayton and Sayres, two men who were convicted of the crime of abducting about eighty slaves from their owners in this District and the neighboring counties of Maryland and Virginia, have been pardoned by the Executive.

In our daily, of Friday, we published a communication announcing the fact that these persons had been released, but the demands on our time were so great that we made no inquiry as to the particulars of the offence they had committed. The organs of the Administration—the *National Intelligencer* and the *Republic*—announced the same fact in paragraphs so worded as not to be calculated to convey an idea of the grave character of the offence, or to recall to memory the particular transaction which caused the imprisonment of Drayton and Sayres.

Many, if not all, of our readers will remember the excitement which was occasioned in 1848 by the attempt of a large number of slaves from the District, and from the neighboring counties of Maryland and Virginia, to make their escape to a free State on board of a schooner called the Pearl.—Steamers from this city pursued and captured the vessel somewhere in the Potomac, brought back the slaves, along with Messrs. Drayton and Sayres, who were thus taken in the act of abduction. In Virginia and most of the slaveholding States, negro-stealing is a felony, and is punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary; but the law in force in the District of Columbia was enacted by Maryland, before the formation of abolition societies to scatter incendiarism among the slaves, and entice them from their owners. That law punished the abduction of slaves, under the technical name of transportation, by imposing a fine, and by imprisonment in default of payment. The punishment is slight when compared with that prescribed for the offence of negro-stealing in the other States; but Messrs. Drayton and Sayres committed so many violations of the law at once, and were convicted in so many cases, that they could not pay the aggregate amount of the fines imposed; and the President has now remitted the imprisonment, and set them at liberty.

Mr. Sumner, the senator from Massachusetts, was, we understand, the chief instrument through whom the pardon was obtained; and if so, an influence has obtained the release of Drayton and Sayres, which should never be heeded in cases of the sort. Mr. Sumner is known as an abolitionist of the worst school. It is but recently that he attempted to bring in a bill for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law; and the Southern mind cannot fail to be excited to the highest pitch whenever it sees any who belong to the same school of opinion with Joshua R. Giddings, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Theodore Parker, command sufficient influence to obtain the release of men who have, after fair trial, been convicted of enticing slaves from their owners. It is impossible that slaves can be enticed away from their owners without presenting considerations, persuasions, and inducements which tend to produce insubordination and insurrection. In cases of abduction, it is not the loss of property alone which the Southern people consider; but it is the dangerous and infamous process which the negro-stealer resorts to in effecting his objects, which inflames the Southern mind. That malice which is the essence of murder does not spring from a heart more desperately wicked, or more fatally bent on mischief, than the heart of him who would go into the bosom of a slaveholding community, and present to the slave population the appeals which are necessary in order to make them dissatisfied with their lot, and attempt to throw off the authority of their owners. No punishment is too severe for such unspeakable and cowardly depravity; and the mildness with which it is punished by the laws of this District, constitutes anything but a valid reason for the interposition of executive authority.—Notwithstanding the previous commitment of Mr. Fillmore, he succeeded in winning the confidence of a large portion of the Southern people by his course since he became President, and by the character of the assurance made upon him in the North, because of his attitude with regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. But the President cannot expect to retain the confidence which he has won, if he now yields himself up to those who have maligned him, and turns from his course to win the applause and renew the hopes of that class of men who rule the counsels of the Whig party of the North. In the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Fillmore found but little support from the North. If he now permits Mr. Sumner to influence his action in cases involving slavery, or the punishment of men who are convicted of enticing slaves from their owners, he will have no friend in the South. Mr. Fillmore sustains the election of Gen. Scott, who is the candidate of Wm. H. Seward; but party fidelity does not require him to be so faithless to himself as to change his line of policy, in order to win additional abolition support for Gen. Scott by conciliating such men as Mr. Sumner.

We do not concede that the power to pardon, and remove from time to time, implies the power to substitute a lesser punishment, or to remit fines due to private individuals, either as rewards for aiding in bringing criminals to justice, or as compensation for wrongs and injuries which criminals have inflicted on them. But we cannot discuss that point at this time. The Attorney General has given an opinion sustaining the power of the President in the case of Drayton and Sayres; and the fact that he is a Southern man will be pleaded by Whig presses as proof that the power was properly exercised, notwithstanding the fact that its exercise was invoked by Mr. Charles Sumner, senator from Massachusetts.

* * * * *

Drayton and Sayres were tried for an offence which is deemed by those communities in which it can be committed as of the most infamous character.

A crime so fatal to the peace of the communities in which it is committed, and which tends so directly to weaken the friendly relations between the States, should be looked upon with abhorrence and punished with severity. The inadequate mildness (!) of the law furnishes no reason for executive interference, but a most cogent one against it. In order to be effective, penal statutes must be made so comprehensive as to embrace cases which society does not wish to punish. The pardoning power was intended to relieve against such hardship; and it cannot be pretended that the crime committed by Drayton and Sayres was one, which, viewed in any aspect, appealed to the sympathies of this community.

THE PARDON OF DRAYTON AND SAYRES.—The Boston *Liberator*, published by the notorious Garrison, copies the *National Intelligencer's* announcement of the pardon of Drayton and Sayres, the negro-stealers, and terms it an 'unspeakable gratifying announcement.' The *Liberator* adds: 'It is privately said, that to Mr. Sumner much credit is due, for his persevering efforts to procure the release of these martyrs in the cause of bleeding humanity, whose incarceration in the Washington prison for an act of Christian benevolence will ever affix a deep stain to the character of our national government.'—*Ibid.*

THE SUPERIORITY OF SLAVERY OVER A STATE OF FREEDOM.

Extracts from a pamphlet, printed on good type and nice white paper, and just published in defence of the slave system, 'by a Carolinian,' at Cambridge, Mass.

'The slave is at the mercy of a master, who must feel more or less the responsibility of his position. The freeman, who is weighed down by the inevitable ills that society is subject to, has no tyrant but the hard laws of demand and supply, stern and unchangeable. The one depends upon a master, whose interest it is to raise him up; the other can look up only to capital, whose interest is antagonistic to labor. The slave-owner has always before him the effects of his acts, and will be moved to pity by the sight of the misery that is caused by his thoughtlessness or violence. The poor man may be starving in the garret, while he whose thoughtless general order to diminish work, or hasty dismissal of an inefficient workman, or whose prudent retrenchment of expenses, has been the cause of the misery, has said the word and passed on, in utter ignorance of how fatally his word has fallen, because there is no visible claim upon him, and the evil is far out of his sphere of life. Is the nature of the slave-owner harder than the accidents of good or bad seasons, upon which the lives of so many depend? 'Three wet days will bring the greater part of thirty thousand street people in London to the brink of starvation.' How many thousands depend upon the vices, or the follies, or the uncertain habits of society! A vice corrected may many times afflict the masses with a widening circle of evil, that would make the newly virtuous shudder at the consequences of their reform. The sudden change of a morning or evening beverage, of a lady's bonnet or cap-string, would reduce many men and women to helpless poverty. Labor-saving machines have always been greeted with curses by the poor. In a work now in course of publication, ('Bleak House,') we are told with much humor, but more true feeling, that the great chancery case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, in the quibbles and subterfuges it gave birth to, was a source of corruption to many natures, while through its tedious length it was the bread that filled many mouths. All the mournful pictures which are charged upon society have this one pervading feature, the weak sinking under the pressure of circumstances that are beyond their control. As long as this force of circumstances has no conscience, is out of view, has no duty or responsibility, it is a more dangerous power than the slave-owner's. In a word, it is mere short-sightedness to talk of the power of the white man over the black in slavery, when the alternative is between that and competition between the races. The one is at least a degree of protection, the other would be extermination, to the weaker.

'We are reluctant to seem to admit the possibility that the relation of slavery should necessarily exclude the attainment of Christianity by master or slave. For, on the contrary, we think there is much in slavery, if rightly appreciated, that is eminently calculated to give rise to the Christian virtues. For it is the only system of labor in which a *recognized moral obligation enters into the contract.* In slavery, if its whole scope be properly appreciated, society is held together by the ties of moral duties clearly defined, instead of depending upon that cold irresponsibility that presides over the *traffic* for labor in the great labor-markets. They taunt us with the traffic in flesh and blood; but how is the reality? The Southerner who buys his slaves at the auction-table is buying with the conviction pressing upon him, that his property comes to him with weighty claims of humanity and of Christian duty that must not be denied. The capitalist who bids for labor abroad buys the sinews and muscles of the man, and there the contract ends. If the pittance per week be insufficient for wife and children, it is nothing to the capitalist, for there is no obligation on him beyond the payment of the wages. They taunt us with owning the slave, body and soul. Yes! We would have the whole South feel that the soul of the slave is in some sense in his master's keeping, to be charged against him hereafter. The great marts of labor abroad are not so encumbered; flesh and blood are bartered away, but no man who buys is oppressed with anything beyond. They taunt us with denying all legal rights to the slave. Theirs is the hard letter of the law—nothing that is not 'in the bond'! With us the moral code becomes positive law where legal rights end. Society ceases to be a state of war; because a new element is introduced, an element which secures protection for the poor and demands forbearance from the rich, its principle of authority being an ever-present and well-defined moral obligation,—which, as a security for Christian action, is in strong contrast with the stern demand-and-supply principle.

'Amidst all the perplexities and uncertainties which shrond the future, we may add this for certain, that slavery will serve a great purpose for the negro. Whether he be destined to rise to an equality with the white man, and to break the fetters which bind him, as in that case he will most assuredly do, whether he is to continue for a long time yet as a laboring class bound to the white man in a peculiar relation, 'generating great virtues' and becoming a relation of kindliness and charity, or whether, as some who rate him lowest suppose, his destiny is to be always driven to unwilling labor, a school of discipline is undoubtedly his greatest present need. Labor, even though it be unwilling labor, is a thousand times better for him than the careless indolence or vice which our latest information from the scenes of British philanthropy details as the effects of premature freedom.

'And the labor to which the slave is subjected in his present discipline is not excessive; for it is proved to be compatible with an almost unprecedented natural increase of the race. The scene of his labor, moreover, is in the midst of those who are far above him in mental cultivation and Christian feeling.—And, finally, his state of dependence upon this superior class is such as to arouse in a peculiar degree a disposition to teach and to elevate the laborer whose entire service is due to them. Taking these things into view, it is not extravagant to assert, that, if there be any good in human nature, slavery may be made to minister to great ends. And we hope that, as 'the thoughts of men are widening,' more justice will be done to an institution, which, if it disappears because of an increased energy and higher character in the blacks, will have had its day of usefulness, as the source of that energy and that elevation of character.'

'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.'

I have been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly.' It is a beautiful preacher of Abolitionism. I will endeavor to examine its beauties when more at leisure. It is a mischievous, dangerous work, got up on purpose for evil; that is the inevitable tendency of it. It is really lamentable that where great evil is being concocted, you will always hear the rustling of petticoats. For her offence the son of God died! Not content with the agony she created in Heaven, she now seeks to destroy the last hopes of humanity on earth, by this attack upon our glorious Union. [!!!]—*Correspondent of the Lincoln (Me.) Democrat.*

Selections.

A DARK FEATURE OF SLAVERY.

'It has been charged upon the opponents of slavery, that they have misrepresented it. A great many slaveholders, under the direct or indirect influence of Christian principle, treat their slaves better than they might, were they inclined to exercise the despotic power the system confers on them. And it is possible some such may be charged with atrocities which they would condemn and abhor. But the system itself is so dark and unrighteous, that it is almost impossible to paint its features in too unfavorable colors. One of these features is apparent in the punishment affixed by the laws of the slave-States to crimes on the part of slaves. A white man may be punished by fines, by the deprivation of liberty, and by corporal suffering, and by death. These punishments are graduated according to the demerit of crimes. Death is inflicted for the single crime of murder alone. But the slave has no property with which to pay fines, he he has no liberty to be deprived of by imprisonment, and the only two punishments that can be inflicted are corporal suffering and death; and the latter is affixed to all crimes of any magnitude. Theft, arson, burglary, assaults, and similar offences, which would be comparatively lightly dealt with on the part of a white man—all are punished with death, on the slave. And this is necessary, if they are punished at all, for this provision of the law, in a professedly Christian country, is a plain admission, that *there is but one thing worse than slavery that can be inflicted on a man, and that is death.* Slavery is a domestic despotism that involves in it all conditions of evil that man dreads short of death itself. And the only method in which a slave can be made worse off than in a master's hand, is by taking his life. This is the theory of the law.—Let the apologists for slavery look at this feature of the system as proclaimed by itself, and forever cease their efforts to call evil good, and put darkness for light.'

The above is an editorial from the *Central Christian Herald*, of this city, and we commend it, in all its terrible truthfulness, to the attentive consideration of our readers.

Coming from the editor of the new school Presbyterian organ, its importance is far greater than if it had originated in some other quarter. It is the testimony of one born and reared in a slave State, who knows whereof he affirms, and who is under no temptation to exaggerate the picture. He has presented this subject in a very strong and impressive manner.

Let us consider, for a moment, the truths which he has spoken. A man has committed a crime—is convicted and brought for sentence, and the question arises, what shall that sentence be?

Shall he be fined? No, for we have already robbed him of all his property—not a penny is left which he can call his own. A fine, therefore, is out of the question.

Shall we deprive him of liberty? We have done that already. We have completely stripped him of every right, we have sacrificed them to our avarice. We cannot take away that which he has not, and imprisonment to him would be a sweet pastime, a relief from the burning sun of the field—a source of real enjoyment. We cannot *punish* him by imprisonment—the dungeon would be a solace, a reward.

We might separate him from his wife and children, and cause him to suffer thus as a punishment. No, wife and children he has not. They were sold away from him long ago. His children are torn from each other, and the mother from children and husband both. We cannot make him feel again on that point. The wound was made, but the agony is over now, and the medicine was a despair which palsied the heart beyond all power of feeling again. Shall we load him with chains? No, the marks on his wrists and ancles show yet, how raw and bloody where the fetters were, when he was manacled *without* a crime, when he was chained in the gang to be *driven* as a brute.

There's no *punishment* in chains, for him. Can we not scourge him? No, look at his back fresh torn as it is with the lash. Scourging and torture are a familiar part of daily life with him. Everything but life has already, and often been drained by the overseer's scourge—and scourging, therefore, would scarcely rise, in his judgment, to the dignity of a judicial infliction, and would produce very little *moral* effect. Can we not put him to hard labor? No, his daily common toil is fully equal to his utmost powers of endurance. Indeed, the State could not hope to equal a driver in the weight and cruelty of the burthen. Hard labor in the penitentiary would be hailed as a deliverance.

We may put him on bread and water; many thanks would he give you, at this *improvement* in his food, so much superior to his daily fare.

We might thrust him out of the pale of humanity, and pursue him and hunt him down as we would a beast of prey. That has been done already, more than once, and such incidents are familiar to him, and would present none of the terrors of novelty.—That long scar on his cheek was where the bloodhound tore him, and that red line along his head was ploughed by a rifle shot from his pursuing master.—He has been *hunted* already. What, then, can be done with one, whose common life, whose daily experience is so horrible, that legal ingenuity and power, panting for revenge, can devise nothing worse than what is already upon him! One thing only remains, as the editor of the *Herald* has said. *He can be killed.* Everything but death he suffers now. *Let him be killed!—Cincinnati Christian Press.*

AN INCIDENT IN SLAVE LIFE.

We have the following from undoubted authority, from one who is able to give the time, place, and names of persons. The actors in the scene are all or most of them living:—*Christian Press.*

A colored man who had obtained his own freedom, by placing the Ohio river between him and his master, a liberty which he, however, held by a precarious title, though it was previous to the enactment of the late Fugitive Law, was compelled to leave his wife behind him in bondage. He did not, however, forget her. Freedom without her was but half enjoyed, while the thought of what she was suffering embittered his days.

He meditated many a scheme for her deliverance, which, however, he was unable to put into execution. Her master was a Presbyterian minister in good standing with his church, and preaching regularly to a congregation not more than a day's journey from the banks of the Ohio.

He, however, had no inclination to practise that portion of the Gospel which proclaims deliverance to the captives, and the enslaved wife was thus held in forcible separation from her husband, by one who professed to be a follower of Jesus, an example to the flock.

The husband of this woman was brave and determined, and he had a brother of a spirit like unto his own, who was also a fugitive from slavery.

The two concerted a plan for the deliverance of the wife. Inasmuch as the brother was unknown to the master, and would therefore be less likely to be interrupted in his enterprise, it was determined that he should cross the river, visit the plantation, and attempt her rescue. The husband meanwhile was to prepare himself, and meet them at the ferry on the Kentucky side.

Late on Saturday night, the brother reached the plantation of the minister, and on Sabbath morning, just before the time for service, it was ascertained that the preacher's slave had fled. The first impulse of the minister was to make instant pursuit himself, but remembering his pulpit duties, he mounted his horse, and having given the alarm, and started some well-armed men on the track, he applied himself to the ministerial duties of the day, preaching in person, and hunting slaves by proxy on the day of God.

The fugitives had the advantage of the night travel, but the pursuers were mounted, and at the very instant when the brother met, and congratulated his wife and brother on the banks of the river, the horsemen in pursuit dashed down the ferry, and threw themselves from their horses to secure their prey.

They at once remonstrated, and spoke of the wickedness of this stealing. The consciences of the blacks seemed very hard, they showed no penitence. The joys of plantation life and the excellencies of their master were pressed upon them, and the contemptuous laugh showed how little they appreciated these comforts.

Large promises of better treatment, of sumptuous fare were made, but this too made no perceptible impression. The Kentuckians, enraged, drew their revolvers; the husband and brother coolly presented theirs also, and told them they were also ready to shoot. They stood close by a small skiff used at the ferry, its bows just clinging to the shore. The blacks facing their pursuers, and with pistols presented, with the wife behind them, marched *backward* to the boat. The woman and brother seated themselves, and the husband stepped in and shoved it off. The water was shallow, and a Kentuckian rushed forward and seized her bow, and attempted to drag it back to the shore, but a bullet from the brother's pistol grazing the top of his head, stunned him for an instant; he seized once more the bost, when the husband shot him through the breast, and he fell while the boat was shoved rapidly into the stream, and in a minute's time, and before the wounded man could be raised from the water, was making rapid headway towards the Northern shore. A volley of shots from the Kentuckian's revolvers was now discharged at the fugitives, bullets splashing the water at their side, and one ball struck the leg of one of the men; but a few minutes placed them out of the reach of pistol shot, and they were soon in the hands of friends, and in a place of safety.

The wounded man was placed in a house near by, and seemed approaching his end.

The next morning, the ministerial master having finished his Sabbath teachings, hurried to the scene. He found that his slave had indeed escaped, and that his hired pursuer was probably mortally wounded. Finding that nothing could be accomplished by remaining, he gave his friend some excellent counsel about life's uncertainties and travels, but as he held his hand in parting said: 'Brother, though you must die, there is one consolation: *you will soon be in a world where there are no nigger-stealers.*' After this pathetic farewell, this *'extreme unction'* left for home, to resume his position at the head of his flock, a brilliant example of the pious slaveholder.

We have exaggerated nothing, and added nothing to the above. The main incidents were related to us as they are described, by one who knows the parties, and whose truthfulness no man dares doubt.

SLAVERY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The President has refused to communicate to the U. S. Senate, information in regard to the alleged desire of Sandwich Islanders for annexation to this Government. We have never seen evidence that the natives of those islands were desirous of such annexation. Californians desire it, as do doubtless American adventurers in the Islands. Many of them doubtless as a means for the introduction of slavery. And the prudence of President Fillmore may be occasioned by the impolicy of prematurely exposing this plot for extension. That such a plot is in progress of development, there can be no doubt. That the Islanders are aware of it, we learn by the following extract of a letter from a resident missionary, addressed to Gerrit Smith. We copy from *Frederick Douglass's Paper*:

How does your courage keep up in your contest with the demon of slavery? Oh! such a foul foe of God and man! When will the fatal blow be struck which will lay low the hideous monster, and save the world from one of the direst curses which have ever afflicted this poor, sinful, polluted world? We must fight and pray, pray and fight; and we who are abroad must do our part in sheer self-defence. I am now telling my people that their only safety from a participation in the evils of slavery, is in its destruction in the United States. And this I fully and honestly believe. Not a few are thinking of this as slave ground. More than one from California has been down to reconnoitre the ground, to see what can be done on this subject. I have a miserable, scurrilous pamphlet now lying before me, written by a woman, but directed by foreigners at Oahu without doubt, in which I find the following passage: 'Whether eventually these islands should be annexed to the United States, or become an independent republic, the introduction of slavery is indispensable to their value.' Again: 'Slavery *will certainly exist here*, ere many years.' This I show our people, and I urge them to go to God in an agony of prayer, and to rouse themselves to honest, vigorous efforts to repel the foe, ere he fastens on them his chains. Let us, relying on God, declare, before High Heaven, slavery shall die, or we will. The Lord hear and bless! Yours affectionately,

J. S. GREEN.

Makawao, Main, Sandwich Islands, April 26, 1852.

DEFEAT OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

'George Thompson has lost his election; much dissatisfaction being expressed by his constituency at his desertion of his duties for an entire session, while engaged in agitating in the United States.'

This statement, so far as it ascribes the defeat of Mr. Thompson to dissatisfaction among his constituents at his prolonged absence from Parliament while agitating in this country, appears to be without foundation,—nothing of the kind being found in the English papers brought by the steamer. It is believed to have been a fabrication of the American news agents, designed to subserve an American purpose, viz: that of creating an impression that the people of England sympathize with the hostility to anti-slavery agitation felt on this side of the water.—There is no proof that Mr. Thompson's constituents were dissatisfied for the reason assigned. Indeed, it is known that, on his return to England, he met the people of the Tower Hamlets in a series of numerously attended and enthusiastic meetings, and that his explanation of the cause of his absence, and of the manner in which his time had been spent, was received with general approbation. From a statement in the London *Daily News*, it would seem that his recent defeat is to be attributed to the question of the Maynooth Grant, and not to that of American Slavery.—*American Baptist.*

[Boston correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

It is a comfortable thing to consider the justice that has overtaken most of the scoundrels that were engaged, as principles or accessories, in that electioneering rascality, the rendition of Sims. First of all, there is the ringleader of all, who planned the chase, (or *a* chase after that kind of game, at that time,) and who was so 'very much mortified' (as the Telegraph informed Mr. Peter Harvey when he wanted to know 'what was to be done') at the gallant rescue of Shadrach—there is he, flat on his back, laid there by the very men whom he sought to conciliate by that crime, the laughing-stock of the whole continent. Then there was poor sneaking Mayor Bigelow and his Aldermen, (known now only as 'the Sims Aldermen,' when they are pointed out in the street,) every son of a gun of them sent to grass at the very next election. And, last of all, the great Tukey himself, who alone was able to execute the laws of the United States by catching Sims on a false pretence by Boston police-men, and who chained up the court house, and dictated law at the point of the bayonet to judges and citizens for a week, he too has been ignominiously turned neck and heels out of his Marshalship, and effectually disabled from serving his country in that patriotic manner again. And I saw the other day that one of his subordinates, Sawin by name, I think, had been turned out of his constable-ship for some misdemeanor. And then on the top of, or underneath, all these, the State street merchants and the Court street lawyers who hounded on this hunt for the purpose of getting Mr. Webster the nomination! O, I can almost forgive the slaveholders their many villanies, in view of their virtuous work of the 21st of June!

I have heard it said that Mr. Tukey's friends attribute his downfall to the willingness he had expressed to put the Maine Liquor Law into effect. But this could not be true, for he had in the fullest manner said that he regarded the command of the Mayor as superior to the laws of the State. So the City Government were perfectly safe from him, on this account. I imagine the only reason was, that they were sick of his insolence, and thought they could get as good a man in his place. Of course, I don't mean to say that the Sims Mayor and Aldermen and the Sims Marshal lost their offices on account of that cowardly atrocity; only, it didn't *keep them in office*, and was no impediment in the way of their losing it. As to the Maine Law, whatever may have been the motives of the City Government in turning Mr. Tukey out, there is no question that it has maintained a 'Masterly Inactivity' in that direction ever since it went into effect. We hear no more about 'conquering our prejudices,' when they lie in the direction of good liquor, nor of 'the duty of obeying law while it is law,' however we may dislike it. O, no! It is violated in the most open manner; and not a Sheriff or Constable can be found to execute it. So great is the Abyss that separates Rum and *Niggers!* It was well enough, perhaps, to pass such a law, if it were only to prove that a law cannot be enforced upon a hostile community. It is as impossible to execute that law, acting as it does on men's pockets and appetites, as it was, in April, 1851, to execute the laws of the State, when Boston thought it for her pecuniary and political interest that they should be broken.

FREE DISCUSSION IN CONGRESS.

Yesterday, two or three members of Congress attempted to try the platform adopted at the two Baltimore Conventions upon Mr. Mann, of Massachusetts. The experiment proved an unsuccessful one. Mr. Mann took the same liberty which had been taken by forty different speakers before him, to comment on the proceedings of the two Conventions, and condemned the attempt of both to shield from discussion the evils of the detestable institution of slavery. He was interrupted by Polk—a shallow but noisy member—to whose help came Harris, of Alabama—a gentleman of like profundity—and the worthy pair were further reinforced by Meade, of Virginia. They insisted that Mr. Mann, inasmuch as he was speaking against an existing institution of the South, should be silenced. The Chair decided that Mr. Mann had a right to go on in his course of remark, and the House being appealed to, very properly sustained the decision of the Chair.

Whatever may be done by majorities in conventions, the time is past for interdicting the freedom of debate on the subject of slavery, in Congress. That battle has been fought, and the friends of free discussion have won it. It has left behind, in the minds of the advocates of slavery, a disagreeable recollection of a long and fruitless struggle, in which, for a time, they obtained some seeming advantages, but which closed in their utter defeat. There were at that time, in Congress, some of its ablest men on the illiberal side—on the side of enforcing silence on this delicate subject, as they called it—with a man at their head of transcendent abilities and great private virtues, enjoying the general respect of the country. With all these advantages, they were beaten. It is a ridiculous spectacle that is presented, when such a man as the member from Tennessee—without talent, without character, with but a handful of associates of as little reflection as himself—offers to renew the combat. The House maintained its own dignity, by the quiet contempt with which he was put down. Even those to whom the discussion of this subject is unpleasant, perceive that if they could silence discussion in the House, which their past experience has taught them to despair of doing, the question would be agitated with the greater zeal out of doors.—*N. Y. Post.*

[Correspondence of the True Democrat.]

THE FISHERIES—WAR AND SLAVERY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1852.

I wish to say to your readers, they need borrow no trouble about a war with England.

Our statesmen from the South see too far to hazard the 'peculiar institution' by calling down upon our Southern States the black regiments of the British West India Islands. A war with England would bring about the abolition of Southern slavery at a much earlier period than has been thought of. The moment that a war with any foreign nation shall endanger the South, the Executive or Congress will have authority to abolish slavery in the States, under the *war power.* And I think that power would soon put an end to the interminable controversy about slavery, the Fugitive Law, and 'Compromise measures.' These things are understood by the leading men of the South, and as the Slave interest never fails to control the government, there can be no doubt that any sacrifice will be incurred rather than war with so able a maritime power as Great Britain.

You may recollect, that, in 1846, certain members of the Senate and House made much noise about a war with England. Mr. Polk had declared our right to Oregon south of 56° to be clear and indisputable. Mr. Allen, of our State, declared war to be *inevitable*, and that 'we must prepare the hearts of the people for war.' Members had worked themselves into a perfect passion on the subject. Just when members of the House had reached the point of boiling heat, they were coolly told that the then 'Executive could not be *bribed* into a war' with England; that such a war would be the overthrow of slavery; that 'the black regiments of the West Indies would be landed on our Southern coasts,' and 'the work of abolition would advance readily.'

It was enough: we heard no more bombast: Southern Hotspurs cooled down suddenly, and orders were sent to our Minister to accept the offer of the British Ministry to fix the partition line up to the 49th parallel of north latitude. So now the entire right of fishing upon the coast of the British Provinces will be surrendered, rather than have a war which will endanger slavery.

THE HOMESTEAD BILL.

The Senate refuses to take up this bill, passed by the House. On Friday it was voted down 16 to 32. Mr. Hale made an effort in behalf of it, but got simply an insult for his pains. He moved that the bill be taken up.

A debate ensued, and Mr. Mason said it was well known that the Senator who made the motion had been nominated to the Presidency by a party, called Abolitionists, Liberty men, or Free Soilers. The bill was a plank in the platform of the Convention which nominated him.

The Chair said the Senator's motives could not be questioned.

Mr. Mason said he did not question the Senator's motives; they were doubtless patriotic, according to the measure of that Senator's patriotism. He was opposed to considering this bill, to enable the party which nominated that Senator, whose triumph would be the destruction of the country, to distribute largess among the people on the eve of the election.

Mr. Hale said that he thanked God that the measure of his patriotism was not the same as the Senator's. Their patriotism was not measured by the same measure. This bill was not original with the fanatical party which the Senator condemned. It did not originate at Pittsburg or Cleveland, but further South. It originated in a section south of Virginia, where patriotism was regulated by the same standard as that of the Senator from Virginia.

The question was taken, and the motion to take up was rejected by the following vote:

Yeas.—Messrs. Bright, Cass, Chase, Cooper, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Downs, Hale, James, Jones of Iowa, Seward, Sumner, Wade, Clarke, Walker.—16.

Nays.—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Bayard, Boland, Bradbury, Brodhead, Brooke, Butler, Charlton, Davis, Dawson, DeSaussoure, Felch, Fish, Grier, Hamlin, Hunter, Jones of Tennessee, King, Mallory, Mangum, Mason, Merriwether, Morton, Norris, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Smith, Soule, Spruance, Toucy, Upham, Underwood.—32.

SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

That was a proud and deeply significant little sentence in the Queen's late speech from the throne—

'Treaties have been concluded by my naval commanders, with the King of Dahomey and all the African chiefs whose rule extends along the Bight of Benin, for the total abolition of the slave-trade, which at present is wholly suppressed upon that coast.'

It must have thrilled through an audience of English politicians, familiar with the noble anti-slavery struggle, from its feeble beginnings in the meetings of a single obscure philanthropist, up through Church, State, and Colonies, till now, for the first time in all history, the English Queen could say with truth, that as the result of English arms, nerved by English philanthropy, the whole west coast of Africa is freed from the curse of the slave-trade.

How would Granville Sharpe have exulted to hear these words from the lips of his Sovereign! How Hannah More, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, would have swelled with gratitude at such an announcement! A most honorable chapter in English history does this little sentence comple—the suppression of the slave-trade. On all the western coast of Africa, the traffic has now no legitimate home. It has become piracy by law, as it has always been in fact. The last of the African slave-trading princes has yielded to British persuasion and gold, and abolished the traffic. It has been the work of years, of incalculable expense and difficulty, involving frequent diplomatic embassies, patient expostulation, the support of large fleets, and unwavering adherence in philanthropic policy. And what infinitely enhances the honor of the achievement, as it augmented its difficulty, is the fact that England has done it all alone. Not one sincerely cordial ally has (unless it be Liberia) latterly assisted in the arduous task, though many others were pledged, both by their professed principles and treaty obligations, to render such assistance. The event is a bright spot in modern statesmanship—an instance of philanthrophic purpose, unselfishly and unflinchingly pursued for years, without the stimulus of any motive but a noble one. If Victoria had not another star in her coronet, this simple sentence would shed undying lustre upon her reign. Would that we had acquired, by a sincere adherence to the fundamental principles of our national charter, a right to a part of the noble self-gratulation and reward of this righteous service to God and humanity!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AT ALLIANCE, O.—Day before yesterday, (as we learn from a friend from Cleveland,) the train for Pittsburg was delayed so long waiting for delegates to the National Convention, that it did not reach Alliance in time to connect with the train for this city. Consequently, the passengers had to wait there nearly three hours. When they were called to dinner, at the Alliance Hotel, Frederick Douglass, in company with Gerrit Smith, and others, started to go in; but he was stopped by the landlord, who refused to admit him to the table on account of his color, unless by a vote of those present. Douglass protested against this, saying that he thought that he had as good a right to sit at the table as any one, notwithstanding his color. But the vote was taken, which was unanimous for his admission. After dinner, a meeting of the delegates and others was held, and resolutions passed, condemnatory of the course pursued by the landlord and the others who wished to prevent Douglass from appearing at the table; and also expressing their determination not to stop at the Alliance Hotel on their return, or in future. The landlord, we understand, afterwards apologised for his refusal to admit Douglass.—*Pittsburg Union.*

In well directed zeal and hearty devotion to the cause of the enslaved, the Abolitionists of Massachusetts are an example to their brethren in other parts of the country. Among them are some of the best public speakers in the world, who rejoice to lay upon the altar of Freedom their richest gifts of eloquence and the ripest fruits of a world-wide experience. Hence, anti-slavery meetings in Massachusetts are imbued with a wonderful power to reach and move the public mind. With such men as Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Parker and Remond, and such women as Abby Foster and Lucy Stone upon the platform, it is no wonder that their meetings, whether in hall or grove, are numerously attended and widely influential.—*Penn. Freeman.*

SPEECH OF

HON. HORACE MANN,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

In the U. S. House of Representatives, Aug. 17, 1852.

MR. CHAIRMAN: On former occasions, I have expressed myself so much at length on the relations which the free States are made to bear to slavery, that I did not propose, at this session, to present any further views upon that subject. But the ban, which the late Baltimore Conventions have haughtily proclaimed against free discussion; the recent, though as I believe it will be found, the temporary silencing of my friend, Mr. Sumner, at the other end of this Capitol, who has long desired to speak, and the still later choking down of the gentleman from Connecticut, (Mr. Cleveland,) on this floor, have induced me to reconsider, and to change my determination. I am willing to be reasoned with, and always grateful, when, for good cause, I am convinced; but, when an attempt is made to take from me all option in regard to my exercise of a clear right, I find a sufficient motive for exercising that right in the mere act of disobedience.

I must begin by taking a brief retrospect. The war against Mexico was waged to rob that sister republic of her free territory, for the sake of widening the domain and confirming the despotism of slavery. On the subject of the robbery, the country was divided into Whigs and Democrats. On the wicked uses to which the territory robbed was to be put, it was divided into North and South. Fourteen out of the fifteen Northern States passed resolutions, most of them unanimously, or nearly so, in favor of excluding slavery by positive law from whatever territory we might acquire. The South did not then ask for any legislative permission to extend slavery there. But in pursuance of the doctrine of the great ordinance of 1787, the North demanded legislative exclusion. Everybody at once foresaw that this question would be involved in the then next presidential election. It was remarkable, and certainly the historian will remember it, that no leading man of the South came out in favor of the Northern doctrine; for the principles of universal liberty are so congenial to the human heart, that it is difficult to conceive of five or six millions of people, in any age or country of the world, without a single man among them ready to assume the championship of freedom. It is still more remarkable, that any Northern man should have ventured to espouse the cause of slavery. One, however, was found, capable of doing it. It was strange that he should have been of New England lineage. It was thrice strange, that a man, educated, enriched, honored, by a people who had themselves been rescued from all the curses of slavery, and blessed with all the exuberant blessings of freedom, by the ordinance of 1787, should have proposed to open half a continent to all the curses he and his people had escaped, and to shut it from all the blessings he and they had enjoyed. But such a man was found. Gen. Cass thought so basely of his party at the North, that he supposed he could carry them against slavery-restriction. If so, then their union with the pro-slavery South would make a triumphant majority; and hence the well-known Nicholson letter. But that letter recoiled upon him, and, in the canvass of 1848, overthrew him. The original temptation, however, still remained, and acted with increased force. The South stood firm. They were a compact body of abolitionists, though the thing they desired to abolish was human freedom. They spoke out plainly, and offered their support and their votes to the Northern man—Whig or Democrat—who would most thoroughly bend or break himself to their purposes. Under the lead of Gen. Cass, many of the Democratic party were seduced, and deserted. But, until the 7th of March, 1850, no Northern Whig yielded to their enticements. On that day, however, Mr. Webster, in the Senate of the United States, offered to abandon the ordinance of 1787—then known as the 'Wilmot Proviso.' He offered to give an additional slave State to Texas beyond what she could claim under the unconstitutional resolutions of annexation;—he offered to support, 'to the fullest extent,' that most atrocious Fugitive Slave Bill, then before the Senate, by which all custom-house officers, and the 17,000 post-masters of the United States were to be made judges, and to be invested with power over human liberty, and to have—each one of them—not local, but unlimited jurisdiction throughout the United States; and he offered to give $200,000,000 to fortify and perpetuate the institution of slavery, by removing from the Southern States the dreaded element of the free colored population. Two hundred millions of dollars—a profusion and a prodigality magnificently Websterian! I am here only referring to facts which, as everybody knows, have become history.

Here, then, we see that two conspicuous leaders of the Northern Democrats and Whigs planted themselves upon Southern ground. When the race for the Presidency consisted in adhesion to the slave power alone, it was not to be expected that the competitors would be few. Mr. Buchanan forthwith caused it to be understood, that, on his part, he was willing to run the line of 36 deg. 30 min.—the Missouri Compromise Line, so called—through to the Pacific Ocean, and surrender to slavery all upon its Southern side. Mr. Dallas, (late Vice President under Mr. Polk,) in his letter to Mr. Bryan, of Texas, went further, and proposed to incorporate the Compromise measures, and the Fugitive Slave Law itself, into the Constitution, so as to put their repeal beyond the power of a Northern majority. Senator Douglas followed. He sugared his pill. He told the South, that we have cotton lands, and rice lands, and tobacco lands enough; but, alas, said he, we want more lands for sugar; by which the South perfectly understood that if they would make him President, the annexation of Cuba should be their reward. This is the same gentleman, who has lately said, in a secret session of the Senate, that if the Sandwich Islands should be annexed to this country, and a question should arise about excluding slavery from them by law, he would vote against it. During all this time, affairs were ripening for the Baltimore nominations. Mr. Fillmore offered to the South, the Army and Navy to catch a poor fugitive, where only a constable's *posse* was needed. Mr. Webster trumped up false treasons by scores against Northern anti-slavery men. The President travelled North and South, making speeches redolent of pro-slavery. The Secretary travelled still more, *milting* pro-slavery letters and speeches wherever he went. Certainly, the reason why any of the above-named parties did not get a nomination at Baltimore, was not because of what the law calls *laches*, or 'want of reasonable diligence' on their part.

I come now to the Baltimore Conventions themselves, which were held in June last. Every one knows that the great question of human slavery had a controlling influence in those bodies, and determined their results. With a vast majority of their members, pro-slavery or anti-slavery was the one overmastering motive and end. In the Democratic Convention, the pro-slavery sentiment was nearly unanimous. Its members had been sold into that perdition, by the lust of money or the ambition for office. Yet, even they were held in check by the apprehended thunders of the voice of the people behind them. If they did not recoil from the crime, they feared its punishment. In the Whig Convention, the men who were ready to sacrifice honor, duty, religion, to the demands of slavery, who a large majority, and might have nominated their most ultra pro-slavery candidate on the first ballot. They could have effected this just as easily as they effected their pro-slavery organization, and appointed a committee on credentials who excluded anti-slavery men, and a committee on resolutions who accepted a Southern platform, prepared for them beforehand by Southern hands. But these Belshazzars, too, like him of old, saw the handwriting upon the wall, and they knew that, with such a candidate, they were doomed to utter and remorseless defeat before the people. In both Conventions, however, the spirit of slavery was so strong, and so badly brave, as to carry the resolutions I am about to read. The Democratic Convention resolved to—

'—abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures, settled by the last Congress—the act for reclaiming fugitive slaves from service or labor included.'

And further, they

'Resolved, That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made.'

And the Whig Convention

'Resolved, That the series of acts of the Thirty-first Congress, commonly known as the compromise or adjustment (the act for the recovery of fugitives from labor included,) are received and acquiesced in by the Whigs of the United States, as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the subjects to which they relate.' * * 'And we deprecate all further agitation of the questions thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however made.'

Now, what an outrage is this! Does not our Constitution provide against 'abridging the freedom of speech or of the press'? Why secure this freedom in the organic law, if the tyranny of a social law can abolish it? Of what value is that provision in the Constitution, which secures the free exercise of religion, if social intolerance and bigotry, acting in an unlegalized way, can destroy it? Yet, here are two Conventions, utterly unknown to any of our Constitutions, whether State or National, invested with no powers, legislative, judicial, or executive, coming together for a day, and then scattered and sunk in individual obscurity; yet lifting up their pigmy voices against the mightiest impulses of the human heart, against history and Providence, against the fiat and the Spirit of God himself; resolving that mankind shall be dumb in regard to the greatest human wrongs; and resolving, also, that a law passed by a Republican Government, yet as barbarous and tyrannical as was ever made by any despotism, shall be consecrated in its wickedness, and remain eternal.

Two Baltimore Conventions, assuming to quench the eternal spirit of liberty—that spirit which was a part of the inspiration of the prophets of old, when they commanded the tyrants of the earth to 'undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free'; that spirit which gave all its heroism and splendor to the classic land of Greece, and made its memories immortal; that spirit which gave to Rome its colossal proportions of physical and intellectual grandeur; that spirit which, in the darkest night of the world's history, climbed Alpine heights, and sheltered itself in the fastnesses of Alpine mountains, inaccessible to tyrants; which, at another time, found protection within the dykes of Holland, barring out the rage of the ocean, and the more remorseless rage of despotic men; that spirit which has given to England, and to English history, all their undisputed claims to renown, and to the gratitude of mankind, and which, when persecuted and driven from England, crossed the Atlantic, spread itself over this open continent, and having been nursed by more than two hundred years of struggle and discipline, now bids defiance to the world—this God-like spirit of liberty, immortal, invulnerable and indestructible, two ephemeral Baltimore Conventions undertake to ban! Xerxes chaining the Hellespont was wisdom personified compared with them; ay, it would be too dignified and honorable an illustration to compare them to two old male Mrs. Partingtons, mopping out the Atlantic!

Why did not these insane men propose to do something which is at least conceivable? Why did they not propose to turn back the order of physical events, rather than to violate the more infrangible and irresistable laws of moral progress? Why did they not order the oak back into the acorn, or the bird back into its shell, or the earth itself back into its first geological epoch, rather than to order the enfranchised spirit of the nineteenth century back into the glom and bondage of the dark ages of the world? Why did they not lift up the wand of their arrogance and audacity towards Arcturus and the Pleiades, and attempt to move round the constellations of the heavens as you would move round the hands on the dial-plate of a clock? Such hallucinations would be at least within the limits of human conception, and would, therefore, be free from the folly and atheism of attempting to stifle the voice of freemen discussing freedom.

Sir, to resolve that the slavery question shall be discussed nevermore, is to resolve the memories of all the heroes, and martyrs, and saints, whose names make all the bright pages of human history, into eternal oblivion. It is to resolve the history of the American Revolution, and all its actors, into forgetfulness. It is to resolve the noblest faculties and aspirations of the human soul into non-existence. Under any fair and legitimate construction of such a resolve, it embraces the whole meaning and force of that infamously celebrated decree of the French Convention, that 'There is no God.' I do not say this by way of rhetorical embellishment, or to impart greater emphasis to a period. I say it because it is literally and strictly true; for the just and benevolent God, who sits upon the throne of the universe, must himself be silenced, before the cry against the cruelty and injustice of slavery can be quelled.

Let us see, for a moment, what is the nature of the burden these Baltimore Conventions have taken upon themselves. By forbidding us to speak upon a given subject, they compel us to examine that subject, and see if duty does not require us to speak upon it. They leave us no option, and if the discussion shall prove unpalatable, they may thank themselves for provoking it. Let me inquire, then, whether it be not demonstrable that the relation of slavery between man and man comprehends, perpetuates, multiplies and aggravates all forms of crime which it is possible for a human being to commit. Is the stealing, even of a shilling, a crime? Slavery steals all that man can call his own; and is not the whole greater than a part? Is robbery, which is defined to be the taking of any part of a man's goods, 'from his person, or in his presence, against his will, by violence, or putting him in fear,' a crime? Slavery answers the exact definition of the law-books, for it is by violence, and by putting in bodily fear, that a master ravishes from a slave all his earnings, and all his ability to earn, from birth till death. And again I say, is not the whole greater than a part?* Is the destruction of any man's house by fire a crime? How much greater the crime of preventing millions of men from having a house they can call their own? Is concubinage a crime? In this Union, all the adult portion of more than three millions of people are now forced to live in a state of concubinage. Is it a crime to abandon innocent females to the lust of guilty men, without the slightest protection of law? In this country, a million and a half of females are constantly so abandoned; and the rearing of dark-skinned beauties for the harems of republican sultans is a systemized and legalized business. Is it a crime to break asunder all the ties of human affection, to tear children from the arms of their parents, and parents from each other? There is no conjugal, or parental, or filial affection which is sacred from such violation among more than three millions of people in this land. Is it a crime to let murder and all other offences go unpunished? There is no form of crime which a white man may not commit against a slave with entire impunity, if he will take the precaution to let none but slaves witness it. The darkening of the intellect, the shrouding of a soul in the gloom of ignorance, the forbidding of a spirit which God made in his own image to commune with its Maker, is more than a common crime; it is sacrilege; it is the sacrilege of sacrileges. It is a crime which no other nation on this earth, civilized, heathen, or barbarian, ever committed to the extent that it is committed here. And yet this locking of the temple of knowledge against a whole race, this drawing of an impenetrable veil between the soul of man and his Maker, this rebellion against all that God has done to reveal Himself to His offspring through the works of nature and the revelations of His providence, is enacted into laws, guarded by terrible penalties, and administered by men who call themselves Christians, as though Jesus Christ could have subscribed or executed such laws. It is a crime unspeakable to deprive men of the Gospel, and of freedom to interpret it; but the slave code does this, by withholding letters from the slave, and thus postpones the true enfranchisement and salvation of his soul to another life, when he can no longer be of any use to his earthly master. Would it be crime to practise some demoniac art, by which the growth of body and limbs should be arrested in childhood, and the victims should be left with only infantile powers to contend with cold, nakedness, hunger, and all the hosts of pain? Then it is an infinitely greater crime to inflict weakness and ignorance upon those glorious faculties of the mind, by which alone its possessor can solve the mighty problems of future destiny, of eternity, and of the soul's weal or woe. I repeat, then, that the worst forms of all the crimes which a human being can commit, theft, robbery, murder, adultery, incest, sacrilege, and whatever else there is that inflicts wide-wasting ruin upon society, and brings the souls of men to perdition—the word slavery is the synonym of them all. Analyze slavery, and you will find its ingredients to consist of every crime. Define any crime, and you will find it to be incorporated in slavery, and aggravated by it.

As the complex and infinite meaning of the word GOD cannot be adequately understood, until you analyze it, and divide and subdivide it, and give to it the thousand names of omnipotence and omniscience, of infinite justice and holiness and benevolence, of all sanctities and verities and benignities, of all energies and beauties, of all wisdom and all law; so when you penetrate and lay open the infinite meaning of the word SLAVERY, it resolves itself into all crimes and all cruelties, all debasements and all horrors. The telescope of the astronomer resolves the star dust of the universe into refulgent systems that glorify their Maker; the telescope of the moralist resolves the Tartarean cloud of slavery into all the impieties and wickednesses that deform humanity.

Now, between these two great antagonisms, between God and the Right on the one side, and Slavery and the Wrong on the other, these two Baltimore Conventions have chosen the latter. They have said to Evil, Be thou my Good. They have voted to annul God's laws. They have resolved that discussions on the great question of human freedom, which involves the whole question of free agency and human accountability, and the entire plan and order of the Divine government, shall be silenced.

So much for the intrinsic nature of slavery, which the Baltimore Conventions have wedded as their bride. Now let us look at some of the collateral wrongs, the self-stultification and atheism, for which slavery in this country is responsible, and which those Conventions, therefore, have sanctioned and ratified, and declare their purpose to continue.

When a nation is born into the world, possessing the attributes and prerogatives of nationality, it is the moral duty of existing nations to welcome it into the brotherhood of the human family. Such a recognition of a new sovereignty tends to increase commerce, to forefend war, and to diffuse the blessings of knowledge, science, and the arts. It becomes, therefore, a duty, Yet, what is the posture in which this Government stands to Liberia and Hayti? Great Britain, with France, Prussia, and other continental nations, has acknowledged their existence. We refuse, and stand aloof. And this for no other reason than to gratify a colorphobia, which dreads equity as the hydrophobia does water. Writers on national law call nations a moral entity. We find color in a moral entity, and repudiate its claims. Contrast the alacrity of this Government in recognizing slaveholding Texas, with its utter refusal for a quarter of a century in one case, and for half a century in the other, to recognize the Free Soil governments of Liberia and Hayti. This is one of the collateral wrongs growing out of the repugnance of slavery to do justice to the colored man anywhere; and the taint of this moral disease at the South spreads its infection over the North.

Mark the great sign and proof of the depravation in the public intellect, originating in the same great prolific source of wrong. The blasphemous argument has been put forth, that God forcordained and instituted African slavery amongst us, for the ultimate and consequential purpose of carrying civilization and Christianity into Africa. Not only has the logic of the politician and the ethics of the moralist been corrupted into this falsity, but even the divine, with the preservative power of the gospel of Jesus Christ in his hands, has endeavored to reconcile our people to the crimes and the curses of slavery by this impious argument. They maintain that God has looked with complacency upon all the atrocities of the African slave trade; that the groans and agonies of the Middle Passage have ascended as a sweet-smelling savor before His throne; that He has seen, with approval, within the last three centuries, forty millions of native Africans,—yes, sir, forty millions, for that is the estimated number,—almost double the entire population of this country, and more than one third more than the present population of Great Britain and Ireland put together—of native Africans, torn from their homes and driven through gates of fire and realms of torture, to bondage and to death: that, during all this period, he has looked with delight upon the most frightful forms of war, the pillage and the conflagration of cities, and wholesale murder, and man-stealing worse than murder, not only raging along the eastern and western shores of that devoted continent, but at times extending their ravages and havoc twelve or thirteen hundred miles inland; and that his benign providence is still fulfilled by the successful prosecution of the slave trade, though for every thousand human beings in Africa, it is estimated that only three hundred finally reach their earth-born hell of Cuban or Brazilian sugar or cotton fields. Now, that God sent out slaves from Africa to America, at this inconceivable cost of crime on the one hand, and of suffering on the other; that His providence has raised up hosts of fiends in the shape of men, century after century, for the roundabout purpose of carrying Christianity and civilization into Africa, in some remote age, we know not when;—this is the blasphemous doctrine we are made to hear from the political rostrum, the lecture-room, and, incredible to relate, from the pulpit itself!

Now, I say, sir, that to impute any such cruel-hearted and simpleton-minded scheme to our All-wise and benignant Father in Heaven, is wild and wanton impiety and blasphemy. No parallel can be found in heathen mythology where such short-sighted folly and crime have been charged upon any of the bloody gods of all their pantheons. The very hypothesis is founded on an inversion of history, and it presupposes for its conception a perversion of the human intellect.

The system of enslaving Africans was commenced in ancient times by the Egyptians and the Arabs, and carried on in later periods by the Moors. Was that for the sake of carrying Christianity into Africa? In modern times, the same system, with unspeakable aggravations, has been prosecuted by all the commercial nations of Europe and of this continent. From time immemorial, therefore, Africa has been made the hunting-ground of the man-stealer. For thirty or forty centuries, Malice and Mammon have wreaked their vengeance upon that devoted land. All crimes and calamities, conflagration, pestilence, brutality and havoc,—have been poured over it in crimson floods. To confine our views within the last three centuries alone, who can adequately conceive the effects of robbing a continent of forty millions of people in so brief a period, with all the wars, devastations, cruelties, and treacheries, which stand out as the terrific incidents of such a stupendous crime? Nor has this storm of wrath expended itself upon the coasts alone. As I said before, these man-hunting forays and ravages have swept inland for twelve or thirteen hundred miles,—further than from the Atlantic to the Mississippi,—as far as from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. Such has been the diffusive character of this continent-o'erwhelming crime. And it is in this that we find the cause of African degradation—not the hopes of her redemption. The white man has created the very barbarism which he now impiously uses before Heaven as an excuse for the crime of creating it. Foreign intercourse engrafted the full developed vices and crimes of civilization upon that barbarian stock. The sins of the white races created the very necessity for that civilization, which, as they now profoundly contend, the further sin of slavery is to supply. The cause of African barbarism was slavery; and, according to the argument, the remedy is slavery. The white man clutches the profits, while he throws off the wickedness upon God. But what kind of a God does he give to the black man, who suffers equally both from disease and remedy?

Mr. MASON. I desire to ask the gentleman from Massachusetts a single question. I wish to call his attention to the fact which I learn from the history of the race, that the three millions of negroes in the United States who are slaves, are in a better condition, physically and morally, than any three millions of the African race that have existed since we have any authentic accounts of them. I ask the gentleman whether he does not consider the improvement in the moral and physical condition of these negroes sufficient to counterbalance the evils which necessarily grow out of the institution of slavery?

Mr. MANN. That is a fair question, and I am ready to answer it. According to the laws of population, which govern barbarous nations, Africa has as many inhabitants now as it would have had if the robber had never invaded her domain, and stolen away her children. Among barbarous tribes, the population presses upon the means of subsistence. It tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence increase. Remove a part of the great family from the table whence they are supplied, and their vacant places will soon be filled by others, according to the laws of natural increase. As to them, the Malthusian theory holds good. Therefore, we have not diminished the number of suffering, degraded, and demoralized beings in Africa, by one unit, in consequence of taking a portion of their ancestors from them.

Mr. MASON. What would have been the condition of these three millions of negroes, had not their ancestors been brought to this country? Would they not, by degradation and starvation, have gone out of existence?

Mr. MANN. They would never have come into existence; but their places among us would have been occupied by a white population of our own race, or some race kindred to our own. Other men would have been substituted for them—whites for blacks, freemen for slaves.

Mr. MASON. Are not our slaves better off, both morally and physically, than any three millions of negroes ever were in Africa?

Mr. MANN. Before the gentleman institutes a comparison between the moral and physical condition of the black race here and in Africa, he must see what has caused their degradation at home. Remember the awful facts that forty millions of the best of them—selected men and women—within the last three centuries, have been torn from home, and that these ravages have not been confined to the eastern and western shores, but have pierced inland; so that the country has bled at every pore—at every vital organ—and conceive, if mortal imagination can conceive, what effect this, of itself, must have in making and keeping a people barbarian. And, after all, what has been the social condition of the interior tribes, who have had less communication, and been less corrupted by the 'lower law' nations? Travellers inform us that, generally speaking, they are a mild, docile, peaceable people—not aggressive and predatory, land-robbing and man-hunting, like the British in India, or ourselves on this continent. They are contented, companionable, home-loving, and unwarlike. Some of the early Christian Fathers, as the gentleman must well know, were Africans; and there is every reason to believe that Christianity would have spread southward from the Mediterranean into Africa, quite as fast as northward into Europe, and would even have encountered less opposition from the stern and unyielding nature of the people, but for the demoralizing elements injected though every vein and artery of their system by the stronger nations of the earth.

Mr. MASON. I think the gentleman might give many other reasons than the one which he has named, why the Africans have not become more civilized. I think he might find reasons for it in the history of that race for the last thousand years, and in the history of the missionaries who have gone amongst them. The Catholics have been there for several hundred years, and have established churches, but have always abandoned them; although I see by the last reports that they are trying it again. I think the gentleman could find a reason for it in the nature of the black man, as made by his Creator. He is not capable or susceptible of any of these qualifications in any other state than a state of slavery. The three millions who have been reduced to slavery in this country have been placed in a better condition than any of the race have been known to exist in. The gentleman admits that fact.

Mr. MANN. Has the gentleman read Dr. Shaw's Travels in Africa?

Mr. MASON. I have read some extracts from Dr. Shaw's Travels.

Mr. MANN. Dr. Shaw relates the manner in which the Western Moors of Africa had traded, '*from time immemorial*,' as he says, with the native tribes on the banks of the Niger, without ever having violated the charter which prescribed the mode of traffic:—

'At a certain time of the year,' says Dr. Shaw, 'they (the Moors) make this journey in a numerous caravan, carrying along with them coral and glass beads, bracelets of horn, knives, scissors, and such like trinkets. When they arrive at the place appointed, which is on such a day of the moon, they find in the evening several heaps of gold dust, lying at a small distance from each other, against which the Moors place so many of their trinkets as they judge will be taken in exchange for them. If the Nigritians the next morning approve of the bargain, they take up the trinkets and leave the gold dust, or else make some deduction from the latter. In this manner they transact their exchange, without seeing one another, or without the least instance of dishonesty, or perfidiousness on either side.'*

Now, contrast this picture with the honesty of the black men in this country, or of the white men either. Contrast it with the fact of our infinite mercantile frauds from the forgery of custom-house invoices, through adulteration and false weights and false measures, down to the shower of lies which is so often rained upon his goods by the last retailer, affirming them to be what he knows they are not, and make your own comparisons as to what the race is here, and what it might have been, but for man-stealing, there.

Mr. MASON. The gentleman must not understand me as being an enemy of the African race; but I look upon them as being entirely different people. If the effect of civilization is to make men dishonest, we had better not try to civilize the Africans.

Mr. MANN. And now, as the argument is, that God ordained American slavery as the means of civilizing and christianizing Africa, let us see what kind and style of civilization and christianity it is which our example proffers them. The most conspicuous features in the civilization of this country are that it holds more than three millions of human beings in ruthless bondage, that the spirit which governs the country has lately annexed slaveholding Texas, because it was slaveholding; that it has despoiled Mexico of her richest provinces, in the hope of making them slaveholding also; and that it has attempted to rob Spain of Cuba, and still means to do it; that two millions of our white children are growing up without schools; that intemperance is a common vice among the people, and not an uncommon one among rulers; and that in our cities the rich and the strong live upon the poor and the weak, almost as much as in the waters on which they are situated, the great fishes eat up the little ones. When some one asked John Jacob Astor how so many men found business in the city of New York, his reply was: 'They cheats one another, and they calls that business.' The wealthy have more houses than they can live in, the costliest furniture, wardrobes, equipages, libraries, and all that art and nature can produce, while thousands of the children of the same Heavenly Father, around them, are houseless and shelterless, naked and hungry. Such is the type of the civilization which our example proffers to Africa.

And how do our 'lower law' apologists for slavery dispose of the American coastwise slave trade among the facts of their impious argument? In 1820, Virginia had a slave population of 425,153. According to the ratio of increase in the whole slave population of the United States, her slaves, in 1850, should have amounted to 800,000. But the actual number was only 472,528, that is, more than 300,000 less than the proportionate natural increase. This number, or at least most of them, must have been sent to the South for sale.

In 1833, Professor Dew, of William and Mary College, said that Virginia exported her own native population, at the rate of 6000, for which she received $1,200,000 annually.

So in 1820, the slave population of Maryland was 107,398. Making all due abatements for manumissions and escapes, this number should have increased, in thirty years, to nearly 200,000. But in 1850, it was only 90,368. The difference has gone to the remorseless South. And doubtless, in most of these cases, members of families have been torn asunder—men from women, parents from children.

The same slave trade is carried on from North Carolina. The slaves are borne from the less rigorous bondage of the Northern slave States to a more unrelenting prison-house. *Is this, also, in furtherance of God's gracious purpose of spreading christianity and civilization over Africa?*

Our christianity secures the Trial by Jury, and the Great Writ of freedom, *to ourselves*, but disfranchises and outlaws, and puts beyond the pale of human sympathy, an entire race of a different color. But when have we sent to Africa a colony of Americans to teach them the arts? When a Las Casas to teach them christianity? The missionaries we have sent them have been rum and fire-arms. The arts we have taught them, have been those of treachery and man-stealing. In what we took, and in what we gave, we inflicted upon them a double curse. And yet Doctors of Divinity and political aspirants dare tell us that God looked down through the vista of the ages, and, seeing this frightful form of civilization afar off, with all its attendant ministers of vengeance and wo and death, bade the gory demon advance!

Mr. POLK, (interrupting.) I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts to paint me the condition of the black race in the non-slaveholding States.

Mr. MANN. At the proper time I will attend to that subject. It does not belong to my present course of argument.

Mr. POLK. I insist upon it now, sir.

[Loud cries of 'Order!' 'Order!']

Mr. MANN. If the gentleman will show me what right he has to insist upon it, I will obey him; but not until he does.

Mr. POLK. I consider the attack which the gentleman is making upon the South as unworthy of a member upon this floor.

[Renewed cries of 'Order!']

Mr. MANN. The gentleman from Tennessee must not, in the first place, forbid our discussing the subject of slavery——

Mr. POLK. I forbid nothing but slanders upon the institutions of the South.

[Shouts of 'Order!']

Mr. MANN. And then when we get a chance to discuss it, undertake to determine upon what topics discussion shall be had.

Mr. POLK. I say that a gentleman upon this floor has no right to perpetrate such vile slanders upon the South, when he does not hold himself personally responsible——

[Loud shouts of 'Order!']

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Tennessee is out of order, and must take his seat.

Mr. HARRIS, of Alabama. I rise to a question of order, and I wish to have the question decided. The gentleman from Massachusetts has now been for the last three-quarters of an hour, assailing the established institutions of one-half of this Union—existing institutions, existing under the Constitution of the United States. I ask if that be in order? I call him to order upon the ground that it is not in order, and I want the question decided by the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair will state that the latitude of debate upon these bills is very great, and it is very difficult indeed——

Mr. POLK. (interrupting.) I would ask the Chair one other question. Is it right that the gentleman from Massachusetts should assail an institution of the South with which we are all connected, in a manner that is insulting in its character, when he does not hold himself responsible for his insults?

Mr. FOWLER. I rise to another question of order. My question of order is this, that when the gentleman from Massachusetts is using his privilege, he shall be allowed to go on, and that this House shall sustain the Chair in allowing him to go forward with his remarks.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. MANN) will proceed.

Mr. POLK. He has no right to state falsehoods about one half of the nation——

[Shouts of 'Order!']

Mr. MEADE. I call for the reading of the 31st rule.

Mr. JOHN W. HOWE. I call for the reading of the two platforms. (Great laughter.)

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair has decided that the gentleman from Massachusetts is in order, and he will proceed.

Mr. MEADE. The 31st rule prohibits all discussion of this question in this House, except upon a proposition to which it is germane. I ask for the reading of that rule.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair has already decided that the gentleman from Massachusetts is not out of order, in pursuing this course of remark. If that decision is not satisfactory, the Chair trusts some gentleman will appeal from it.

Mr. HARRIS, of Alabama. I appeal from that decision.

Mr. CAMPBELL, of Ohio. Very well. Let us try it on the question of order, presented by those who have been in the habit of dragging every possible question into debate here. We will see whether there are not other places in this country besides Tennessee—other parts of the Union besides the South.

Mr. POLK. I take that responsibility, and appeal from the decision of the Chair. I hold the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. CAMPBELL,) equally responsible; and I pronounce him the same vile slanderer as the gentleman from Massachusetts, who makes these charges.

[Cries of 'Order!']

The 31st rule was then read by the Clerk, as follows:

'When any member is about to speak in debate, or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise from his seat, and respectfully address himself to 'Mr. Speaker,' and shall confine himself to the question under debate, and avoid personality.'

Mr. MANN continued: Mr. Chairman, for myself I do not regret this interruption. But I did not think it possible, even after the Baltimore edict had gone forth, ever after a Senator had been silenced at the other end of the Capitol, (Mr. SUMNER,) and also a Representative on this floor, (Mr. CLEVELAND,) because they proposed to speak on the subject of slavery—I did not think it possible, when I was in the legitimate course of making a speech, and was rightfully entitled to the floor, and was in order, that a dozen men should start up here, so hostile to hearing the words of truth and soberness, when spoken in relation to the institution of slavery, as to try to gag me down.

I had spoken of the cause of Africa's demoralization and barbarism. I had spoken of the type of civilization, which it is proposed to offer her as an example, and I had shown how impious was the argument which would attribute to the All-good and the All-powerful such a tardy, cruel, circuitous method of effecting her regeneration, which, after waiting through slow centuries of agony and crime, would send her such a civilization by such messengers! I have only to add, that before I would accept any such theology as this, I would seek my creed among the old mythologies of the heathen. In this hideous doctrine, which slavery has now forced upon that public intellect which it had before depraved, there is material sufficient to eight *anti* 'Bridgewater Treatises,' all *dis*-proving the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God.

Another obvious consequence of the existence of slavery in this country has been the criminal remissness of the Government in suppressing the slave-trade on the coast of Africa. We have refused to enter into treaties with European Governments to secure so desirable an end; and authentic documents, developing the horrors of this traffic, and proving American built merchant-ships to be engaged in it, have laid on the files of the State Department for years, and through whole Presidential terms, unnoticed. On such an appalling crime as this, whose suppression has been within our reach, the national conscience has been benumbed into torpidity and paralysis, by the existence of slavery amongst us.

Look at another instance, in which slavery has depraved the popular sentiment of the country. Under the generous and chivalric lead of Mr. Clay, with what enthusiasm did we hail the birth of the South American republics! What hosannas did we shout forth for the emancipation of Greece! How deep the sigh of the nation's heart when Poland struggled in her death-agony, and breathed her last! Even so late as 1848, this Congress sent resolutions congratulating France on her Magna Charta of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity.' In one of the European revolutions of that year, on the banks of the Danube, a young man sprang, at a single bound, from comparative obscurity to universal fame. His heroism organized armies. His genius created resources. He abolished the factitious order of nobility, but his exalted soul poured the celestial ichor of the gods through ten millions of peasant hearts, and made them truly noble. Though weak in all but the energies of the soul, yet it took two mighty empires to break down his power. When he sought refuge in Turkey, the sympathies of the civilized world attended his exile. He was invited to our shores.—He came, and spoke as man never before spake. It was Byron's wish that he could condense all the raging elements of his soul

'into one word,
And that one word were lightning.'

Kossuth found what Byron in vain prayed for; for *his* words were lightning;—not bolts, but a lambent flame, which he poured into men's hearts;—not to kill, but to animate with a more exalted and a divine life. In cities, where the vast population went forth to hail him; in academic halls, where the cultivation of eloquence and knowledge is made the business of life; in those great gathering places, where the rich of people have their confluence, he was addressed by the most eloquent men whom this nation of orators could select. More than five hundred of our ablest speakers made speeches before him, which they had laboriously prepared from history, and embellished from the poets, with severe toil, by the long-trimmed lamp. Save in two or three peculiar cases, his unprepared and improvised replies, in eloquence, in pathos, in dignity, in exalted sentiment, excelled them all. To their most profound philosophy, he gave them deeper generalizations; he out-circuited their widest ranges of thought, and, in the whole sweep of the horizon, revealed glories they had never seen, and while they checked their ambitious flight beneath the sun, he soared into the empyrean, and brought down, for the guidance of men's hearts and deeds, the holy light that shines from the face of God. Though all their splendors were gathered to a focal point, they were outshone by his effulgence. His immortal theme was Liberty—liberty for the nations, liberty for the people. Once that word was enough to electrify men's hearts; aye, to make the stones in the streets cry out for joy. But, by the compromises of 1850, and this infernal slave law, and the efforts of political leaders and parties to sustain them, the people had been demoralized, their sentiments had been debauched. To thousands and hundreds of thousands, the cry of the Rights of Man had become an odious cry. To hail liberty in the East, while we were propagating slavery in the West; to receive with honors a fugitive from Austrian bondage, while our hands were thrusting back fugitives into a tenfold direr bondage at the South, was contradictions so palpable and flagrant that even partisan blindness could not but see them. Kossuth owed labor and service to Francis Joseph, of Austria, just as much as Thomas Sims owed it to John Forsyth, of Georgia. Why should the one be cheered, and the other chained? Why should the Mississippi bring Kossuth here for freedom, and the Acorn carry Sims back to bondage? Kossuth had committed treason ten thousand times over, against the House of Hapsburg. Why should he be sheltered in our arms from the penalties of treason, while the Government here sets on the foul ministers of the law to make constructive treasons for the punishment of innocent men? Kossuth had rebelled against Austria, and had caused the death of tens of thousands of her subjects. Why should he be screened behind a rampart of American hearts, while those who killed Gorsuch under the law of self-preservation, and in defence of life, liberty, and home, should be ignominiously hung on the gallows? These were questions that no deafness could avoid hearing, and when heard, no sophistry could answer. Freedom is one, slavery is its antipode; and, therefore, the protection of the fugitive Kossuth and the surrender of the fugitive slave could never be reconciled. How it was, that in public assemblies, among public men, throughout the newspaper press, wherever the opinion of slavery predominated, there Kossuth was denounced. I say, *among public men*. Accuracy directs me to add, that, among our public men, there were a few honorable exceptions, of which Mr. Webster was one. But, as to the newspapers, if you saw one, to-day, filled with the veriest servility towards the slave power, you might be sure that it would revile and defame Kossuth, to-morrow. Or, if you saw one column reeking with abuse of Kossuth, you would be sure to find a pro-slavery paean in the next. Even at the door of the Capitol House, after Kossuth had been invited to the Capitol, he was stopped and insulted. Some of the more simple ones avowed their reasons. They said, if we sympathize with the oppressed in the person of a Hungarian now, we may next be called upon to sympathize with the oppressed, in the persons of three millions of Africans. Compare the triumphal 'Progress' of Kossuth through the free States, such as no Roman consul, returning from foreign conquests and laden with spoils, ever knew, with the feeble, and grudged, and stinted honors paid him in the land of bondage. Shame made the contrast. Almost without exception, the Northern opponents of Kossuth were sympathizers with Southern slavery, and, therefore, with Francis Joseph and Nicholas.

The person of this truly noble Hungarian has de-

* President Edwards said: 'While you hold negroes in slavery, you do exceeding wrong, and that in a higher degree than if you committed common robbery or theft.'

* Travels and Observations relating to several parts of Barbary and Levant. Dr. Shaw was English Chaplain of Algiers in the reign of George I.

parted from our shores; but he has left a spirit behind him that will never die. He has scattered seeds of liberty and truth, whose flowers and fruit will become honors and glorious amaranthine. I trust he goes to mingle in sterner scenes; I trust he goes to battle for the right, not with the tongue and pen alone, but with all the weapons that Freedom can forge and wield.—Before the Divine government, I bow in reverence and adoration; but it tasks all my philosophy and all my religion to believe, that the despots of Europe have not exercised their irresponsible and cruel tyrannies too long. It seems too long since Charles was brought to the axe, and Louis to the guillotine. Liberty, humanity, justice, demand more modern instances. The time has fully come, when the despot, not the patriot, should feel the executioner's steel or lead. The time has fully come, when, if the oppressed demand their inalienable and Heaven-born rights of their oppressors, and this demand is denied, they should say, not exactly in the language of Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death;'—that was noble language in any day—but we have now reached an advanced stage in human development, and the time has fully come when the oppressed, if their rights are forcibly denied them, should say to the oppressor: 'Give *me* liberty, or I will give you death!'

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

[London correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

First of August in London—George Thompson—F. W. Kellogg—Wm. W. Brown—Americans abroad—An occasion turned up—Course of Kossuth in this country—Fugitive Slaves in England—Interview of Lady Byron with one of them—Rev. John Scoble, and his title to be a teacher of Colored Americans.

Dear Standard: It may not be uninteresting to your readers to know that the Anniversary of West India Emancipation was celebrated here on Monday last. But little notice of the intended meeting had been given, yet the capacious lecture room of St. Martin's Hall was filled, at an early hour, with a most respectable audience, who appeared to have assembled for the sake of the cause.

Our old and well-tried friend, Geo. Thompson, Esq. was unanimously called to preside, and he opened the proceedings with one of his characteristic speeches. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, a colored clergyman of Philadelphia, in a most eloquent and feeling manner. Mr Douglass is a man of fine native talent.

Francis W. Kellogg, of the United States, was the next speaker. Mr. Kellogg is an advocate of temperance, of some note, I believe, in his own country, and has been lecturing with considerable success in Great Britain. He is one of the most peculiar speakers I have ever heard. Born in Massachusetts, and brought up in the West, he has the intelligence of the one, and the roughness of the other. He has the retentive memory of Wendell Phillips, the overpowering voice of Frederick Douglass, and the too rapid gestures of Dr. Delany. He spoke faster than any man I ever heard, except C. C. Burleigh. His speech, which lasted more than an hour, was one stream of fervid eloquence. He gave us a better idea of a real American stump orator than we ever had before. Altogether, he is the best specimen of the rough material out of which great public speakers are manufactured, that I have yet seen. Mr. Kellogg's denunciations of Clay and Webster (the dead lion and living dog), reminded us of Wendell Phillips; his pictures of slavery called to memory Frederick Douglass in his palmiest days, and his rebuke of his own countrymen for their unchristian prejudice against color, brought before us the favorite topic and best speeches of C. L. Remond. It was his maiden speech on the subject of slavery, yet it was the speech of the evening.

Wm. Wells Brown, who has been in England for some time, and who is always sure of a warm reception at the hands of an English audience, was the next speaker. Mr. Brown's daughters, who are now in one of the best schools in London, were also present.

Hatred to oppression is so instilled into the minds of the people in Great Britain, that it needs but little to arouse their enthusiasm to its highest point; yet we here can scarcely comprehend the real condition of the slaves of the United States. We have heard of the buying and selling of men, women, and children, without any regard to the tenderest ties of nature; of the passage and execution of your infamous Fugitive Slave Law, and, as we walk through the streets of London, we occasionally meet an American slave, who reminds us of the fact that while your countrymen are boasting of their liberty, and offering an asylum to the exiled of other countries, they refuse it to their own citizens.

Much regret has been expressed on this side of the Atlantic, that Kossuth should have kept so silent on the slavery question, while in America; and this act alone has, to a great extent, neutralized his further operations in this country. He certainly is not the man now that he was before his visit to the New World.

I seldom pass through the Strand or other great thoroughfares of the metropolis, without meeting countrymen of yours. I encountered one a short time since under peculiar circumstances. It was one of those days commonly experienced in London, of half cloud and half sunshine, with just fog enough to give everything a grey appearance, that I was loitering through Drury Lane, and came upon a crowd of poor people and street beggars who were being edified by an exhibition of Punch and Judy, on the one hand, and an organ-grinder, with a well dressed and intelligent looking monkey, on the other. Punch looked happy, and was performing with great alacrity, while the organ-grinder with his loud toned instrument was furnishing music for the million.—Pushing my way through the crowd, and taking the middle of the street for convenience sake, I was leaving the infected district in greater haste than I entered it. I had scarcely taken my eyes off the motley group, when I observed a figure approaching me from the opposite direction, and walking with a somewhat hasty step. I have seen so much oddity in dress, and the general appearance of members of the human family, that my attention is seldom even attracted by the uncivilized look of any one. But this being whom I was meeting, and whose appearance was such as I had not seen before, threw the monkey and his companions entirely into the shade. In fact, all that I had beheld in the great exhibition, of a ludicrous nature, dwindled away into utter insignificance when compared with this Robinson Crusoe looking man; for after all, it turned out to be a man. He was of small stature, and, although not a cold day, his person was enveloped in a heavy over-coat, which looked as if it had seen some service, and had passed though the hands of some of the second-hand gentlemen of Brattle street, Boston. The trousers I did not see, as they were benevolently covered by the long skirts of the above garment. A pair of patent leather boots covered a small foot: the face was nearly hidden by a huge beard, apparently from 10 to 15 inches in length, and of a reddish color. Long dark hair joined the beard, and upon the head was thrown, in a careless manner, one of those hats known in America as the wide-awake, but here as the billy-cock. A pair of bright eyes were entirely hid by the hair around the face. I was not more attracted by his appearance than astonished at the man stopping before me, as if he knew me. I now observed something like smoke emanating from the long beard round the mouth. I was immediately seized by the individual by his right hand, while the left hand took from his mouth a pipe about three inches in length, stem included, and, in a sharp shrill voice, sounding as if it came from the interior of a hogshead, or from a sepulchre, he called me by my name. I stood for a moment and eyed the figure from head to foot, 'from tip to toe,' to see if I could discover the resemblance of any one I had ever seen before. After satisfying myself that the object was new, I said, 'Sir, you have the advantage of me.' 'Don't you know me?' he exclaimed in a still louder voice. I looked again, and shook my head. 'Why,' said he, 'it is Clapp.' I stepped back a few feet, and viewed him once more from top to bottom, and replied, 'You don't mean to say that this is Henry Clapp?' 'Yes, it is he, and nobody else.' After taking another look, I said, 'Ain't you mistaken, sir, about this being Henry Clapp?' 'No,' said he, 'I am sure I know myself.' So I very reluctantly had to admit that I was standing in presence of the ex-editor of the *Lynn Pioneer and Herald of Freedom*. Indeed, one meets with strange faces in a walk through the streets of London. But I must turn again to the question of slavery.

Some months since, a lady, apparently not more than fifty years of age, entered a small dwelling on the estate of the Earl of Lovelace, situated in the county of Surrey. After ascending a flight of stairs, and passing through a narrow passage, she found herself in a small but neat room, with plain furniture On the table lay copies of the *Liberator* and *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. Near the window sat a young woman, busily engaged in sewing, with a spelling book laying open on her lap. The light step of the stranger had not broken the silence enough to announce the approach of any one, and the young woman still sat at her task, unconscious any one was near. A moment or two, and the lady was observed, when the diligent student hastily rose and apologized for her apparent inattention. The stranger was soon seated, and in conversation with the young woman. The lady had often heard the word 'slave,' and knew something of its application, but had never before seen one of her own sex who had actually been born and brought up in a state of chattel slavery; and the one in whose company she now was, was so white, and had so much the appearance of an educated and well-bred lady, that she could scarcely realize that she was in the presence of an American slave. For more than an hour, the illustrious lady and the poor exile sat and carried on a most familiar conversation. The thrilling story of the fugitive often brought tears to the eyes of the stranger. Oh, how I would that every half-bred, aristocratic, slaveholding, woman-whipping, negro-hating woman of America could have been present and heard what passed between these two distinguished persons. They would for once have seen one who, though moving in the most elevated and aristocratic society in Europe, felt it an honor to enter the small cottage, and take a seat by the side of a poor hunted and exiled American fugitive slave. Let it be rung in the ears of the thin-skinned aristocracy of the United States, who would rather receive a flogging from the cat-o'-nine-tails than to sit at the table of a negro, that Lady Noel Byron, widow of the great poet, felt it a peculiar pleasure to sit at the table and take tea with Ellen Craft. It must, indeed, be an interesting fact to your readers, and especially to those who are acquainted with the facts connected with the life and escape of William and Ellen Craft, to know that they are industrious students in a school, and attracting the attention of persons occupying the most influential positions in society. The wonderful escape of William and Ellen Craft is still fresh in the minds of all who take an interest in the cause of humanity, and their eluding the pursuit of the slave-hunters at Boston, and final escape from the Athens of the New World, will not soon be forgotten. When these two fugitives came to England, the entire press, with but one exception, spoke of them and commended their case to the sympathy of freedom; that single exception was the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, edited by Mr. John Scoble. To this day, the *Reporter* has never mentioned the names of these poor fugitives. The reason is obvious. William and Ellen, on reaching New England, after their perilous escape, became acquainted with, and partook of the hospitality of Wm Lloyd Garrison, and this was a sin which could not be overlooked by Mr. Scoble. I hesitate not to say that the man who will let such a party feeling keep him from giving a welcome to the slave when he is exiled and in a foreign land, is not the man to be a leader among the fugitive slaves in Canada. I hope the fugitives in Canada will not fail to sound this fact in the ears of this would-be philanthropist. Let Mr. Scoble deny this fact if he can. But this is not all. The unblemished reputation of these two exiles could not shield them from the tongue of this slanderer. But more of him at another time. Mr. Scoble embarks for Canada in a fortnight.

I am, my dear Standard, sincerely yours,

LEANDER.

London, Aug. 6th, 1852.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, SEPT. 3, 1852.

SLAVERY IN ACCORDANCE WITH REASON, NATURE, AND THE BIBLE.

Studies on Slavery—in Easy Lessons; compiled into Eight Studies, and subdivided into Short Lessons for the Convenience of Readers. By John Fletcher, of Louisiana. Fifth Thousand. Natchez: Published by Jackson Warner—1852. pp. 637.

This large, handsomely printed and well bound volume is an elaborate and critical vindication of slavery as a divinely instituted system, sanctioned by the Old and New Testaments, in accordance with nature and reason, and supported by Christian benevolence and the dictates of humanity!! It is a curious fact, that its author and publisher are both Northern men—the former being a native of Vermont, the latter a native of Ohio, but of New England parents; thus giving another forcible answer to the oft repeated interrogation, 'What has the North to do with slavery?' Mr. Warner, (the publisher,) to whom we are indebted for a copy of this work, called to see us on Monday last, with whom we held a long conversation, and whom we found to be apparently as sincere in his efforts to uphold slavery, as was Saul when he 'persecuted the saints unto strange cities, verily thinking he was doing God service.' His demeanor was courteous and gentlemanly throughout; he was frank in his avowals and ingenuous in his admissions; he received our reproofs and animadversions in good temper; he spoke reverently of the Bible, and professed to be guided by its teachings; we inferred from his conversation that he is a member of the church, and claims to be a Christian—at least, in the American sense of that term. We have never seen a more remarkable case of moral derangement of mind; and so we plainly told him, without intending to use language offensively.

Mr. Fletcher, the author, (as far as we have had time to examine his portly volume,) writes with as much philosophical composure as though he was discussing the propriety of eating cabbages, instead of enslaving men, women and children, and making them 'chattels personal, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever'; and the way he elucidates, interprets and applies the scriptures, to support his instinctively revolting theory, is as curious, ingenious and preposterous, as the most disordered brain could suggest. Take the following specimen. Referring to Tim. i, 10, 'The law is made for murderers of fathers, murderers of mothers, for man-slayers, whoremongers, for *man-stealers*, for liars,' &c., Mr. F. says, 'the thing denoted by this passage is *the stealing and enticing away other men's slaves. Slave-stealers* is its only and legitimate meaning in the place used'!! This is a match for the interpretation of the language of Jesus, where he asks, 'How much more valuable is a man than a sheep,' given by a certain Reverend Thornton Stringfellow, of Virginia, who says that it means that the market value of a slave is greater than that of a sheep—and, moreover, that a slave is able to do a great many things for his master that a sheep is not! Yet in the publisher's preface, it is certified of Mr. Fletcher—'His exegesis of biblical passages, in the original languages in which they were communicated by inspiration to the world, shows his sound scholarship, as well as his reverence of the literal sense and specific meaning of God's holy and unimpeachable standard and rule of life and action'!!

Mr. Fletcher is not at all lacking in confidence and self-complacency, not to say audacity and folly. He says it has been 'the *misfortune* of good men' to receive the following as axioms of truth:—'All men are born equal'—'The rights of men are inalienable'—'No man can become property'—'No man can own property in another'—'No man is under any obligation to obey any law when his conscience dictates it to be wrong'—'Slavery disqualifies a man to fulfil the great object of his being'—'Slavery is contrary to the will of God'—'The doctrines of the Bible forbid slavery,' &c. &c. What a *fortunate* man is he to discover the utter fallacy of all these axioms, and under what obligations to him for his discovery are all mankind! Newton, Kepler, Gallileo, Fulton, Watts, Arkwright, hide your diminished heads! Henceforth, then, let these be the cherished postulates of the world:—'All men are born unequal'—'The rights of men are alienable'—'Man can become property'—'Man can own property in another'—'Man is bound to obey unrighteous laws'—'Slavery qualifies a man to fulfil the great objects of his being'—'Slavery is in accordance with the will of God'—'The doctrines of the Bible allow slavery'!! None will deny these but fanatics,' 'disorganizers,' and 'infidels'!

Mr. Fletcher makes clean work of it. Whoever arraigns slavery as unjust, or immoral, or unchristian, is either an ignoramus, a fanatic, or a blasphemer. Even Dr. Wayland, in Mr. F's opinion, is deeply tinctured with 'fanaticism' on this subject! And as for the Rev. Albert Barnes, he 'evinces an inability to enter into its impartial consideration,' for whose work on slavery 'the morbid appetite of the Northern abolitionists was probably hungry,' and whose 'style is always diffuse and declamatory'! But the late Rev. Dr. Channing is the most intolerable of all, notwithstanding he wrote with a special aim to propitiate the feelings of the slaveholders! Because he thought colored persons ought to be treated, like others, according to their intellectual and moral worth, Mr. Fletcher comes down upon him thus:—'It is with grief that we find him infusing into his disciples this nauseating, disgusting moral poison'!—'Yea further, what are we to think of the judgment, of the taste,—may we not add, *habits*, of a man who could unblushingly (!) publish to the world his partiality to the negro of Jamaica, after his visit there, as follows—"I saw too, on the plantation where I resided, a gracefulness and dignity of form and motion, rare in my own native New England."' It is well for Dr. Channing that he has taken his leave of this mundane sphere; otherwise, how great must have been his shame and confusion of face at this exposure of his 'judgment,' 'taste,' and 'habits'! O most refined and discriminating Mr. Fletcher!

In regard to some other sentiments of Dr. Channing, Mr. F. exclaims—'O most unhappy man! the most unfortunate of all, to have left such a record of intellectual weakness and folly behind! . . . Such sentiments are alone the offspring of the most ignorant, wicked and black-hearted feelings of the human soul. Their very existence shows a preparedness to commit treason, perjury, and the murders of civil war! The disciples of Dr. Channing, on the subject of abolitionism, may be too stupid to perceive it; for 'Evil men understand not judgment.' *Proc.* xxviii. 5.'

Is it not a self-evident truth, that 'John Fletcher, of Louisiana,' is a very remarkable personage?

Anxious for the perpetuity of the Union, he nevertheless waxes valiant in view of its possible dissolution. 'If,' he says, 'the term of our great national destiny is to be closed, and war, the most cruel of all wars, is to spread far beyond the reach of human foresight, the South, *like Abraham in olden time*, (!) will arm their trained servants, [meaning their chattel slaves,] and go out to the war, SHOUTING UNDER THE BANNER OF THE ALMIGHTY!'

And when they thus shall go to war,
May we be there to see!

That will be a rare sight indeed. Now it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for every emergency; hence we beg leave to suggest to Mr. Fletcher and the South, that it is the acme of folly and infatuation to make it (as they now do) a heinous crime for any of their slaves to be caught with any deadly weapons in their hands, if they expect them to be sufficiently 'trained' to meet the disciplined freemen of the North in battle array. As for 'shouting under the banner of the Almighty,' in such a cause, this is the very raving of the bottomless pit,—blasphemy run to seed.

How lamentable it is that Mr. F's 'Studies on Slavery' had not been given to the world prior to the abolition of slavery in the British, Danish and Swedish possessions, in Tunis, and wherever human servitude has been abolished on the face of the globe! Peradventure those terrible catastrophes might have been wholly averted. Happily, by a universal dissemination of this volume, it may not be too late to re-establish the defunct slaveholding *regime*, in every instance; for what can withstand the logic, erudition, sagacity and moral energy of such a writer? Nay, as slavery is divine in its origin, beneficent in its operation, and essential to the improvement of mankind, is it not sure to triumph at last over all opposition? So that where deluded or ungodly men have succeeded, for the time being, in decreeing its overthrow, it shall rise with more than pristine vigor; for is it not written that 'the triumphing of the wicked is short'?

Mr. Fletcher makes rather an ostentatious display of his learning, being profuse in his Latin, Greek and Hebrew quotations,—as though villany in a dead language could justify it in a living one!—as though the rights of man depended upon Latin conjugations, Greek participles, or Hebrew roots! If Mr. F. could be placed fifteen minutes under the lash of a slave driver, all this erudite nonsense could be whipped out of him forever.

Our readers shall be furnished with some of the choicest portions of this extraordinary defence of the most indefensible system on earth. Those who wish to examine or purchase the volume can do so by calling at the bookstores of Little & Brown, and Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Washington street. Price $2,50.

☞ We give Mr. Sumner the benefit of the following, without comment, until next week:—

THE LIBERATION OF DRAYTON AND SAYRES.

The telegraph reports that the pardon of these men, by the President, was brought about through the unceasing and efficient intercession of Senator Sumner—and the report is correct. Drayton himself has already acknowledged Mr. Sumner's service in his behalf, to the editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. And yet, on their account, Mr. S. has been made the subject of vituperation by the enemies and professed friends of freedom. Early in the present session of Congress, a petition was sent to him from Boston, praying for their release, which he did not present. Forthwith he was accused by the *Liberator* of wanting a backbone. These accusations were snatched at by the Hunker prints of the State, and paraded in their columns with comments such as might be expected from such sources. In the meantime, Mr. Sumner went quietly and judiciously at work, to see what could be done for these unfortunate prisoners. He regarded them, as all cool-headed and fair-minded men should regard them, not as tools to be handled for political effect, but as men in bonds, loving liberty as much as himself, with a life-long captivity before them, and families dependent on them for support, whose honorable discharge from imprisonment was the object and the sole object to be attained. Martyrdom is well enough in its place, but it is to be chosen by the martyr himself, not thrust on him by others. Following the earnestly expressed wishes of Drayton and Sayres themselves, and the advice of their legal counsel, Mr. Sumner did not present the petitions drawn up in their behalf. He held consultations with the President, and pleaded for their release. It was evident from those interviews, that their case would be prejudiced by any popular appeal, and no such appeal was therefore made. Drayton and Sayres are now free. The prison-doors, which seemed to have closed on them till Death should unbar them, have been thrown open; and that through the intercession of a man, who, we were told, before his election, would be without the shadow of influence at Washington, such was his fanaticism and impracticability. We ask those unwary friends of our cause, who have been hastily led into distrust of Mr. Sumner, by the cavilings of his enemies, we ask a candid community, we ask all Hunkerdom, if he has not done something *practical* now, in the name of common sense, show us something that is.

We would say to the friends of freedom, if you were led into an incautious distrust of Mr. Sumner by his conduct relative to Drayton and Sayres, which resulted in a successful intervention in their behalf, ought you not to beware how you give heed to the malicious imputations cast upon his motives by the pro-slavery presses of the day, on account of his postponement, hitherto, of any agitation of the slavery question? If, at the scene of action, on the spot where the conflict lies, weighing well the requirements and responsibilities of the occasion, he pursued, in one instance, the course which insured success, and the only course which was likely to insure it, is it not highly probable that he is now pursuing the course dictated by the soundest discretion, best calculated to secure the ends desired, and one which every clear-sighted friend of freedom will eventually approve?—*Correspondent of the Commonwealth.*

RANDOM THRUSTS.

BY SHARPSTICK.

'Aunt Phillis's Cabin' is no more an '*answer*' to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' than hisses are an answer to one of Wendell Phillips's speeches. Some parts of the book, in fact, are conclusive answers to other parts. Like that 'holy bully,' O. A. Brownson, Mrs. Eastman uses herself up on several of her strongest points. For example—she commences by declaring in her preface that slavery was instituted directly by God, as a punishment on Ham and his descendants, for that saucy caper of the colored patriarch towards his father Noah. But then she confesses slavery to be an evil, and utters a fervent wish that it were everywhere abolished! Thus she saddles our Father in heaven with all the past and present abominations of the pet system of this republic; and she also puts forth presumptuous desires that a divinely established order of things may be overturned! These are chance specimens of Mrs. E's hardness of heart and blindness of mind. I have not read her story, and shall not waste my scraps of precious time in wading through it. Her shameless and silly reasoning indicates that any narrative she might concoct would not rise above the stagnant level of the yellow-covered balderdash which has become so sore a pest in our land.

A slave was recently shot in Richmond, Va., for refusing to be flogged. All the Southern and many Northern papers that I have seen justify this barbarous deed on the ground of *necessity*. Violence and bloodshed are unquestionably the very breath of Slavery's life. But what a profitable, salutary, delightful, benevolent, heaven-devised institution must that be whose foundation stones are cemented with the gore of its high-spirited victims! And what a treasonable, hot-headed fanatic was that Virginia orator, whose sentiment—'Give me liberty or give me death!'—doubtless got into this slave's mind, and roused him to obey God by resisting tyrants.

A slave woman lately died from over-excitement in a Baltimore meeting-house. She is reported in the journals of that city to have been 'a very pious and edifying member' of the church with which she worshipped. So it is confessed that a despised and neglected 'nigger,' belonging to a race fit only to be ground under the heel of oppression, could 'edify' her owners and overseers, her associates and neighbors, by the depth and fervor of her 'piety.' What a valuable piece of property she was! It would have been a 'good spec' to let her out to fill any of the Baltimore or Washington pulpits—in which the very opposite of 'edifying and pious' services are now performed.

MEETING OF THE OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY IN PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth, Aug. 27, 1852.

Dear Friend Garrison: A meeting of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society was held in this town, at the 'Green Church,' through the day, on Sunday, August 22d. The Secretary being absent, I propose to lay before your readers a short account of our doings.

At half past ten o'clock, A. M., the meeting was called to order by the President of the Society, Bourne Spooner, Esq., who remarked that the platform was free to all who chose to occupy it.

Miss Sallie Holley, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the firmest friends of the down-trodden slave, then came forward, and read a chapter, (upon which she commented,) from the New Testament, appropriate to the occasion. Her comments were well-timed, and will set people thinking on this most important subject.

After Miss Holley, Mr. Nathaniel H. Whiting addressed the meeting with great power for upwards of an hour. Some of his illustrations and comparisons were indeed beautiful, as all who were present will bear witness.

The hour of adjournment having arrived, the meeting was adjourned till 3 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order at the appointed hour, the President in the Chair. Able addresses were delivered by N. H. Whiting, of M. and Lewis Ford, of Abington. Mr. Ford dwelt upon the inconsistency of the abolitionists supporting the government, or voting under the pro-slavery Constitution. He supported his position with sound arguments, and showed, conclusively, that the position of the abolitionists was as firm as the rock of ages, and one from which they never could be shaken.

Adjourned to meet in the evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Evening Session.—Meeting commenced at 7 1-2 o'clock: the President in the chair. Miss Holley then commenced one of the most beautiful addresses on the subject of 'Impartial Freedom,' that I have ever listened to; and, for nearly two hours, she kept a delighted audience in perfect silence. Her address, I have reason to believe, will do much to keep the cause alive; and just so long as it has life, just so long will it expand and grow. She is laboring faithfully in a Christian enterprise. May her labors yield an abundant harvest! Wherever she goes, the abolitionists should see to it that the people are induced to go and listen to her 'words of truth and soberness.'

Yours, in great haste,

WILLIAM H. BARTLETT.

ANTI-SLAVERY EXPRESSION ON THE CAPE.

Friend Garrison: I am quite comforted by an observation in Henry C. Wright's letter, about the rejected article originally found in the Declaration of Independence, where he says, 'I wish I could learn to feel, think, talk and *write* shorter on slavery. I do try hard to, but it is of no use. Liberty is eternal, and I have about concluded that we must write eternal letters in favor of it.' I am comforted by this, because the principle here set forth may, perhaps, excuse me from censure for writing so many letters for the columns of your paper. Well, if I am likely to trespass on the patience of your readers, at any time, you must put my communication under the table, and there let it sleep in oblivion. It is well that an editor is not obliged to publish every thing which is sent to his paper.

In the last letter, an account of labors in Harwich and Brewster was given. On Monday, Aug. 16th, I was taken to Dennis, by Capt. Gilbert Smith. Appointments of three meetings in that town had been made in the *Liberator*. At North Dennis stands unoccupied a fine meeting-house, in which I was informed brother Wallcut officiated, in days of old 'lang syne.' In that house, we had two very fully attended and interesting meetings. The reformatory seeds—planted there, some years ago, by friend Wallcut—fell, some on good ground, and grew up to a rich and useful maturity. There is another church of the Wesleyan order, the pastor of which publicly declared his opinion, that it would be well now to have the old Jewish law respecting the Sabbath, enforced!—so I was informed. He also says, he can tell an 'infidel' by his looks; that there is something wild, and haggard, and reckless, in the countenance and whole appearance of these 'infidel' reformers. He even told me that he should know I had thrown off all religious ties, by my *marked* looks. But one thing he did, which few priests dare to do, and for so doing he deserves great credit. He came in and took the stand, to defend his position in the church towards the anti-slavery cause. He tried to show that the Wesleyan church was disposed to remember the slave, in a truly brotherly spirit. To be sure, this was hard work, in view of the political action of such Whig Compromisers and Webster supporters as Seth Sprague and others, who are members of the Wesleyan church, and, at the same time, acting politically with one or the other of the two great Compromise parties. He, also, attempted to show, that duty is based, not on the nature and necessities of Humanity, but wholly on the writings of the past, which were voted to be canonical and infallible by the Councils of Nice and of Trent. To be sure, he found it hard work to make it appear that the great Father commanded or sanctioned the aggressive and exterminating wars which the Jews waged against the people of Canaan. But it was a noble act—his coming upon the platform of free discussion, to maintain his views on a fair appeal to the reason of the people. Let him stand by the great necessity of the age, to wit, full and fair investigation, earnest, unfettered discussion, and he will come to a higher place in the church of God than it is possible for the sectary and bigot to reach. He has been accustomed to assail the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in public and in private, and with no little bitterness, as an 'infidel' and dangerous organization. Now, let him grant to the friends of that Society the same privilege of reply when assailed, as he asked in our meetings when his position was criticised, and thus he will show fairness of purpose and honesty of action. We only ask to be heard, assured that our principle of 'No Compromise with Oppression' will commend itself in all its varied applications to American slavery, to the conscience and reason of the people, whenever they fairly examine and fully understand it. The priests of Mammon, in Church and in State—the Deweys and the Websters—know this; and hence this cry that the Union is endangered by the agitation of the question of slavery, and, therefore, this agitation must cease, by virtue of a general and forcible suppression. They know that where free thought rises and expands in the souls of men, there is born and nurtured an undying hatred of oppression. They mean to stand by slavery for the spoils thus to be secured, and, therefore dread the free, outspoken thoughts of men, as the Deweys and the Websters of old Babylon dreaded the writing which flamed upon the wall, and scorched their aching eyeballs, on the night of their irremediable overthrow.

Our meeting, on Wednesday evening, was at East Dennis, in the free church of that place. I there became acquainted with one of the thinkers of the land, a sea-captain, formerly a devout Methodist, now something far better, to wit, a friend of Humanity—a member of the great Brotherhood, whose motto is, 'Prove all things, and hold fast the good.' He is here looked upon as a troubler in Israel, because he sometimes questions the priests in a manner which exposes their weakness and cowardly policy of endless compromise. I was greatly amused with communications, addressed, at various times, to the clergy of Dennis, by this irreverent troubler of the family of Aaron, and by their replies. Of these documents, he has enough to make quite a sizable pamphlet, and one that would be uncommonly readable.

Our meeting, on Thursday evening, was held at Yarmouth Port. Nothing occurred there, of sufficient interest to demand any public notice. The friends of humanity are few and feeble there, compared with Hyannis, Dennis and Harwich. Still, there are a few names left of those who are true, from the wreck of the past twenty years of sectarian and party perversion. May the true church be enlarged in Yarmouth and elsewhere, till this beautiful heritage is all redeemed from the grasp of superstition, hypocrisy and oppression, and made the happy, prosperous home of freedom!

On Friday morning, I proceeded to Sandwich, where I remained a few days, and gave six lectures. I called on the clergymen of that place, on Saturday, and requested the privilege, which brother Forman, of Nantucket, extended to me, of speaking, on Sunday, to their people, in behalf of the slave. One only, of the six clergymen laboring in Sandwich, was willing to grant this favor. The pastor of the Universalist church admitted me to his pulpit at his 5 o'clock service.—Why will not the ministers, universally, show the same magnanimity, by admitting the reformer to speak to the people over whom they are placed in charge, from their pulpits? I can see no reason for this but the fact, that they are conscious that they could not support themselves, if light were let into their sanctuaries. But sure I am, that the minister who means to do his duty need not fear, but should rather desire the presence and utterance of the radical reformers in his pulpit. I fellowship the minister who will do this, while I turn away with pity and despair from him who refuses the right of the fullest and freest utterance of honest convictions in his place of public discussion.

I stopped with brother Clark, in Sandwich, and was refreshed and cheered by the generosity of the true reform spirit, which burns with a steady and living power in that household.

I was very much interested in friend Sanderson, of Sandwich—a man of rich culture and rare thought, an earnest reformer, a member of the proscribed and deeply wronged colored race, and a living refutation of all the calumnies hurled at the colored people by the officers and agents of the cruel and wicked Colonization Society.

In disposing of these reminiscences of my month's labor among the people of the Cape, I wish to say that the friends have it in contemplation there, to organize a new movement, by the employment of an Agent to labor all the year round among them. This project will come up at the convention, to be holden on the 4th and 5th of next September, at Harwich, when measures will be adopted to commence the enterprise, if it is thought best to engage in it. And, therefore, the friends on the Cape with whom I have conversed, respecting this contemplated movement, wish a full attendance at that meeting, that there may be a free interchange of their views upon this matter.

Yours, fraternally,

DANIEL FOSTER.

Concord, (Mass.,) Aug. 27, 1852.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

After an imprisonment of more than four years, in the city of Washington, for a deed in the highest degree creditable to his humanity, though punished as a felony by the government, Capt. Daniel Drayton, with his companion Edward Sayres, has been pardoned by the President of the United States, (mainly through the instrumentality of Hon. Charles Sumner,) and is once more at liberty, but with his health very seriously impaired, so as to unfit him to engage, at present, in any business for a livelihood.

As he has a large family dependent on him for support, his case is one deserving of special sympathy and aid on the part of the friends of impartial liberty, in whose cause he has been so great a sufferer.

The undersigned, therefore, the committee who had the management of the case in the courts at Washington, while the trial was pending, respectfully solicit such contributions in behalf of Capt. Drayton and his family as any may be disposed to make, pledging themselves to see the money faithfully applied and duly acknowledged. Donations may be sent either to Francis Jackson or Robert Morris, 27 State street.

S. E. SEWALL,
J. P. BLANCHARD,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
ELIZUR WRIGHT,
ROBERT MORRIS,
JOSEPH SOUTHWICK,
JOHN W. BROWNE,
RICHARD HILDRETH,
S. G. HOWE,
} Committee.

Boston, August 28, 1852.

☞ Papers friendly will please copy.

Installation. T. W. Higginson, recently of Newburyport, will be installed as minister of the Worcester Free Church, on Sunday next, Sept. 5th. Services to commence at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., in Horticultural Hall.

To Correspondents. We acknowledge our indebtedness to our London correspondent, 'Edward Search,' for several interesting letters. Long replies to Joseph Barker, on the Sabbath question, have been received from Elizabeth Wilson and S. S. Griswold. These, and various other communications, shall appear as soon as the crowded state of our columns will permit. The masterly speech of Horace Mann may well make the postponement of all other matter a desirable object.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Of Receipts from July 1st to Sept. 1st, 1852.

Received from Daniel Foster, for collections—
In Essex $7 25, Stoneham 7 35, Milford 85c, 15 45
Worcester 5 50, Millville 3 10, Woonsocket 5, Reading 6, 19 60—35 05

Received from Samuel May, Jr., for collections—
At celebration 4th July at Abington, 82 30
collection from Mrs. E. F. Eddy, Boston, 15 00
S. W. Morse, Mystic River, Ct., to redeem pledge, 2 50
Bal. col. at Worcester Co. South A. S. Society, 8 85—26 35

Received from Parker Pillsbury, for collections—
At Millville, 5, Concord 3 75, E. Stoughton 2 50, 11 25
Essex Co. A. S. Society 10, at Weymouth 3 60, Rev. Daniel Foster 1, 14 60
Old Col. A. S. S. 5, D. P. Harman, Haverhill, 2, 7 00—32 85

Received from Samuel May, Jr., for collections—
From Mrs. M. Brooks, Concord, to redeem pledge, 20 00
at Concord 3, of AbnerFord, to redeem pledge, 1, 4 00
at Salem 12 36—36 36

Received from S. May, Jr., for collections at 1st of August celebration at Framingham, 52 43

Received from Francis Jackson, to redeem pledges, 300 00

Received from Lucy Stone, for collections at Ware Village, 2 83, Hardwick 42c. 3 25

S. PHILBRICK,
Treasurer Mass. A. S. Society.

Brookline, Sept. 1, 1852.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION,

Held in Worcester, Oct. 22d and 23d, 1851, adjourned to meet in Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th, 1852.

The friends of equality, justice and truth, are earnestly invited to assemble there, at that time, to discuss the important question of reform, technically termed Woman's Rights.

We propose not only to review the past, and consider the present, but to mark out new and broader paths for the opening future.

The time has come not only for the examination and discussion of Woman's social, civil and religious rights, but also for a thorough and efficient organization—a well-digested plan of operation, whereby these social rights, for which our fathers fought, bled and died, may be secured, and enjoyed by us. Let woman no longer supinely endure the evils she may escape, but with her own right hand carve out for herself a higher, nobler destiny than has heretofore been hers. Inasmuch as through the folly and imbecility of woman, the race is what it is, dwarfed in mind and body, and as, through her alone, it can yet be redeemed, all are equally interested in the objects of this Convention.

We therefore solemnly urge those men and women who desire, and look for, the development and elevation of the race, to be present at the coming Convention, and aid us by the wisdom of their counsels. Our platform will, as ever, be free to all who are capable of discussing the subject with seriousness, candor and truth.

On behalf of the Central Committee,

ELIZABETH C. STANTON,
PAULINA W. DAVIS,
WILLIAM H. CHANNING,
LUCY STONE,
SAMUEL J. MAY.

[☞ Whoever shall attend this Convention at Syracuse, we have no doubt, will regard it as among the most fortunate events of his life.]—*Ed. Lib.*

GRAND MASS MEETING ON THE CAPE.

The friends of impartial liberty, on the Cape, will rally at their annual gathering in Harwich, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 4th and 5th. Should the weather prove auspicious, the meeting will be held in the beautiful Grove, hitherto used for this purpose; if otherwise, the new and commodious hall, near the Grove, will be occupied on the occasion. The exercises will commence on Saturday, the 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Among the earnest and eloquent advocates of the cause, who are expected to be present, are Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Charles C. Burleigh, and Charles Lenox Remond.

The most cordial invitation to be present is extended to all who desire to see our country delivered from 'its deadliest curse and foulest stain,' and every man enjoying his inalienable right to freedom.

JOSHUA H. ROBBINS,
GILBERT SMITH,
} *Committee.*

Harwich, Aug. 25, 1852.

BURRILLVILLE, R. I.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in the Old Meeting-house in Burrillville, on Sunday, Sept. 12, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will be attended by Stephen S. Foster and Abby K. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster will also speak in the Baptist meeting-house at Pascoag village, on Saturday evening, Sept. 11.

UPTON, (Worcester Co.)

Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster will speak at Upton, in Waverley Hall, on Sunday next, Sept 5.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY.

Charles C. Burleigh, an Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:

Brewster,	Tuesday evening, Sept.		7.
East Dennis,	Wednesday "	"	8.
North Dennis,	Thursday "	"	9.
Barnstable,	Fri. and Sat. "	"	11 and 12.

FREE DISCUSSION SOCIETY.

Association Hall, No. 64 1-2 Hanover Street.

THE People's Sunday Meeting for Free Discussion, will hold a debate at the above place on SUNDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 5th, at quarter past 3 o'clock, when the following question will be debated:—

Should the public discussion on Sunday of religious questions by the People, be encouraged or disapproved?

☞ The meeting is free, and the public, without distinction, are respectfully invited to attend, and participate in the discussion. Fifteen minutes allowed to each speaker.

LEWIS HAYDEN,

FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING STORE,

NO. 121 CAMBRIDGE STREET—BOSTON.

EVERY variety of Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Cravats; Carpet Bags, Trunks; and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in general;—a good assortment of fashionable Hats and Caps, &c. &c. &c., selling at the lowest rates.

August 27. tf

BRAMAN'S

SWIMMING BATHS,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1823,)

AT THE FOOT OF CHESNUT STREET,

HAVE been completely fitted and put in order. This establishment now comprises upwards of Two Hundred and Twenty-five Rooms, being the largest in the United States, with pure Salt Water, and unequalled facilities for outside Bathing.

☞ THE MILL DAM BATHS have been just added to the Ladies' Department, which has heretofore been very much crowded. Connected with this establishment are also

WARM OR COLD, FRESH OR SALT WATER TUB BATHS.

Single Baths 12 1-2 cents, or 10 for a dollar.

THE TREMONT BATHS, entrance from Tremont Court, have been refitted, and are now open from sunrise till 10 o'clock, P. M.

July 23. JARVIS D. BRAMAN.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Another spontaneous gathering, in memory of Daniel Webster, is in contemplation, and will shortly take place somewere in Plymouth county. The time and place have not yet been fully determined. Abington has been named as the place which, *probably*, is to witness the solemnities of the occasion. As these demonstrations are designed to be purely *spontaneous*, relatives and friends are hereby informed, that no further official notice will appear previous to the event. At the proper time, a word will go forth along the railroad line from Plymouth to Boston, when it is expected that *deep will answer unto deep.*

'Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now!
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow?

'But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make!

'Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains!

'All else is gone! from those great eyes
The soul has fled!
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

'Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!'

UNION COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.

Plymouth, Mass., Aug. 31, 1852.

For the Liberator.

CALL FOR A FAST.

Attention! all true Webster Whigs! aside your labors cast;
Your great Expounder's hope is lost—the times demand a fast!
From Maine to Georgia ye should pour a simultaneous wail,
And each one shed full tears enough to fill a milking-pail!

Your great Expounder's hope is lost—alas! and wo the day
That Southern Whigs should dare to slight great DAN *in such a way!*
The precedent is dangerous, ye must in sadness own;
So, now, for your calamity, groan, all together, groan!

Groan, State-street Whigs! the high reward ye promised to your friend—
That 'hope deferred'—ye now may see, for ay, 'tis at an end!
Ah! never yet, of all your tribe, could a 'retainer' say,
That he had known such agony as he endures to-day!

Then, Webster men, join, all as one, to celebrate a fast!
As scoundrels thus but seldom fail, this chance may be your last!
Mourn, weep and howl at Daniel's luck, and go without your food,
That, as his life a failure proves, his death may do you good!

BARD OF THE OBSERVATORY.

September 1, 1852.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

TO THE PUTTY-FACED 'YOUNG DEMOCRACY.'

Come, shout ye, young Democracy! Hurrah for Pierce and King!
Upon the air of Freedom's God your servile echoes ring,
And every shout and every tone shall to the nations tell
Your shameful degradation, and proclaim your manhood's knell.

With canting, lying, whining voice, because they're o'er the sea,
You sympathize with struggling men, who're fighting to be free;
But here you laugh at woman's wail, and fettered bondman's groan,
You rivet chains upon their limbs, and weld them on your own!

And while they're clanking o'er your souls, with padlocks on your lips,
Come, *spaniels!* crawl beneath the lash, and crouch beneath the whips
Of liberty-despising men, who'd stifle all and each
Free thought that bubbles from your hearts for utterance in 'free speech.'

Come, show the world to what base use young freemen can be brought,
When they are made the willing tools of knaves to stifle thought!
Come, bow yourselves before the shrine that tells the depth of shame
To which Democracy hath sunk her spirit and her name.

When you proclaim your infamy to every land and clime,
By rallying 'neath the flag that says, 'all agitation's crime,'
You battle 'gainst the principles for which your fathers bled,
And trample 'neath your servile feet the memory of the dead.

TO MY HEART.

I.

O heart! long dormant in thy dreary pain,
Canst thou not rouse thee from thy death-like sleep,
Put forth the blossoms of young joy again,
And cease o'er buried hopes to pine and weep?

II.

Around thee everywhere on life's wide page,
The beauty and the glory liveth still;
The sacred light upon the brow of age,
The strength of youthful hand and earnest will.

III.

Earth hath her field of labor, rich and broad;
Canst thou not in the glorious toil bear part?
Hast thou not gift to be improved for God,
No dew of love for other human heart?

IV.

O heart, poor heart, that madest thyself a tomb
Of one dead hope! fling wide thy charnel door,
And on the depths of that dark, rayless gloom,
The flood of heaven's dark light shall freely pour.

V.

O wasted years!—and yet not wasted all;
Does not the ploughman rend, then sow the plain?
What though spring flowers beneath the ploughshare fall?
Shall not the harvest smile with golden grain?

THE MAN-TRAFFIC.

Canst thou, and honored with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame;
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?

The Liberator.

AN ABOLITIONIST CONVERTED!

MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN:—

MADAM—You will excuse my addressing this letter to you, when you learn my object in doing so. It is to express my humble and sincere thanks for your eloquent, noble, argumentative and splendid defence of the glorious cause of lib—slavery! (I had nearly written *liberty!* It is astonishing how old associations will cling to the mind!) I have read 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin.' Nead I say, I am converted to the faith? I *have* been an abolitionist. I *have* believed that 'all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness.' In these ideas I was brought up, and they early took root in my mind. I now perceive their utter fallacy, and can trace them back to their true source, 'the fallen nature of man' and the instigation of the devil!

I desire, in this communication, to point out a few of the arguments and reasons which have occasioned the change of my belief on this subject. Those arguments and reasons are *yours*. It is to you I owe my salvation, and to you would I render my grateful acknowledgment.

In the preface to your book, you give some of your reasons for considering slavery *no* 'sin against God of crime against man.' I rejoice to see that, in the outset, you plant yourself upon that sure foundatim whereon to erect the temple of truth—the Bible. Upon the firm and imperishable rock, you lay the first course of that mighty, yet beautiful structure, which is developed in your work. I know your opponents, the abolitionists, (some of them,) will attempt to prove the contrary of your theory out of the same book. But what do those infamous wretches thereby attempt to do? Clearly this. That the Bible is inconsistent, one part with another! Is this the work for Christians? For the devil rather!

Starting, then, from this stand-point of all truth, (for nothing can be true that is not in the Bible,) you commence the great and beneficent work of proving slavery no sin, by showing the origin of it. You prove, conclusively, that the originator is God himself, (the God of the Bible.) It is related in the sacred volume, that Noah, having become drunken, and lying uncovered in his tent, Ham by some accident happened to see his respectable parent in this predicament. He goes and tells his two brothers, Shem and Japheth, who proceed to cover their father, in order that he may present a more decent appearance. Noah sleeps off his 'drunk,' and in some way (probably by the tale-bearing of Shem and Japheth) ascertains the heinous crime of which Ham has been guilty. Ham has actually looked upon his father as he lay like a beast drunk and naked! He has added to the baseness of this act, the diabolical crime of telling his two brothers of the fact! You say well, that Ham was probably a bad man; for although the sacred writ gives us no other hint of his evil deeds than this one instance, still this is sufficient to prove him one of the vilest of mankind. I doubt whether an abolitionist could have surpassed him in diabolical wickedness.

Well, this crime was committed—a crime 'to make the world to stand aghast, and angels weep!' A crime unsurpassed, unparalleled in the annals of crime from that hour to this. A son looked upon his naked and drunken father! Language fails to express our horror at the deed! Some men, of late, have attempted to show that the Fugitive Slave Law is a crime. They say it tears parent from child, husband from wife, crushing and trampling upon the best and holiest affections and feelings of the human heart! Since reading your book, I have, of course, become convinced that this is all fallacy. I see that 'niggers' have *no right* to have affections or feelings, and that that for which I myself would be justified in shooting down the oppressor, should stir no emotion in a 'nigger's' heart, except it be one of resignation to the decree of Providence which has placed him where he is. But, however this may be; however much this law may be like what these vile abolitionists say it is; what if it does rend hearts and break them? Is that to be compared to the crime of looking upon a naked, drunken sot! A man who, as you well say, was a man after God's (the Bible's God) own heart? The latter crime is incomparably worse—unfathomably deeper sunk in turpitude and unblushing wickedness. For such a crime, what could be an adequate punishment? It *must* be punished. So foul a crime must be expiated. How shall it be done? Thus—'Cursed be Canaan! A servant of servants shall he be'! Here, upon the one hand, looms up in awful blackness this horrible offence! Ham looked upon his naked, drunken father! Here, upon the other hand, is the expiation! Through centuries of slavery, the descendants of Ham are doomed to drag out a miserable existence! Broken in spirit, and with every aspiration for freedom crushed and stifled at its birth, they are still compelled, by the divine decree, to submit to all the degradation of the most abject slavery! For no sin of their own do they suffer all this. Though the heart of the negro be free from stain of guilt, and his soul white with the purity of innocence, it all avails him not. Justice must be maintained, and the negro race must forever be slaves.

Well do you ask, 'Can any one, with his Bible open before him, deny that this curse has been fulfilled?' It is indeed undeniable. In the pursuance of your task of proving slavery to be right, you have only three propositions to make out. First, that Noah cursed the descendants of Ham to slavery.—Second, that the negro race are the descendants of Ham. Third, that all negroes are slaves, and that no other race of men have been or are slaves.

The first proposition is undoubted, or if any one does doubt it, we have only to use your own expressive language, 'Open your Bible, Christians,' and we need fear no further dispute. The second is universally acknowledged to be true; and even if it were not, we have the testimony (as you say) of Bishop Newton, which of course settles all controversy. The third proposition may perhaps be disputed by some abolitionists; but we have only to ask people to open their eyes, and look about them, and see that this also is true, and that the curse has been fulfilled to the very letter. Some persons may say that *old* negroes are not slaves, and that, therefore, the curse is not fulfilled, and point to what are called the free—negroes of the North for proof. We may be sure that such persons are abolitionists, and therefore not entitled to confidence and respect. But we know that they are wrong on this point; for it is notorious that the (so called) free negroes are in a far worse condition than the slaves, and, consequently, *more cursed.* I am glad to see that you recognise this fact in your book. The free negroes at the North are extremely vicious and miserable, though one would hardly know it, if it were not for the news we get from the South on that subject. Your book has opened my eyes to it; and although I can't say I have seen any more, if as much vice and misery among the 'niggers' as among the foreign population, still I cannot doubt that it exists. In fact, all Slavedom says so, and it must be true. This misery is undoubtedly the reason we see such crowds of negroes flocking to the South, begging and pleading to be allowed to enjoy the peace and comfort of slavery. I wonder there are so many left at the North, there is such an attraction for them at the South. It is evident, also, that the slaves themselves appreciate the benefits of slavery, by so cheerfully submitting to it. This is amply shown by their never running away. Such a thing is quite unheard of. To be sure, it would seem that slaveholders themselves do not feel quite as sure of this as they would have us believe, from the fact of their insisting upon the enactment and strict enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. But this is a great mistake. It is only to compel the North to live up to its Constitutional obligations in the same thorough manner as the South does. It is well known that the Constitution protects the citizens of one State, while sojourning in any other State. This provision of the Constitution is religiously observed in South Carolina, and other Southern States, and it is only to compel the North to fulfil their duties, as they themselves do, that they require the rendition of fugitive slaves, should any leave that earthly paradise, which seldom or never happens.

The other branch of the third proposition is, that no other race has been or now is held as slaves. It will be said that other races have been and still are so held—races, too, which are descended from the 'blessed' sons of Noah! Direct from Shem and Japheth! It will be said that even our own ancestors, the Britons, were slaves: that the great mass of the people of Russia, and of other countries, are still held in degrading servitude: that the fair daughters of Georgia and Circassia are at this day torn from home and friends, or sold by their own unnatural parents, to go far from their own native mountains, and all to minister to the base passions of the swarthy Turk, and to deck his gorgeous Harem with their radiant beauty! These things will be brought up, and it will be said that they prove that the African is not more 'cursed' than the other races of mankind. It may be that this is hard to answer, and in fact impossible for 'human nature,' *fallen as it is*, to controvert. But we have a sure resort in such a case. 'Open your Bible, Christian!' If that don't settle the matter, what will?

You have proved, out of the Bible, that slavery is no sin. It is almost useless to go farther; but there are some of your *minor* arguments, that I would like to notice, because they are remarkable for their strength. I have only room to notice one at present; but if this letter is published, (for I intend to send this to the '*Liberator*,' in order that those abolitionists, who have not read your book, may see how essentially you have used them up,) I shall at some other time take occasion to notice some of your other *strong points.*

The one I wish to take up, at this time, is your splendid argument to prove that *all men are not equal.* This doctrine of the equality of all men is a most dangerous one, and the sooner it is extirpated, the better. It is very boldly stated, in an ancient document, now nearly forgotten, called the Declaration of Independence. I acknowledge, with shame and mortification, that I once believed in it! It has always been a stumbling block in the way of the glorious cause of slavery, but it is now fast becoming a thing of the past, and will soon be among the unremembered things of earth. This idea of equality is a favorite one with the abolitionists. In fact, it is their very Castle of Defence, in which is entrenched their strongest 'Garrison.' It is as the very apple of their eye. Deprive them of this, and they grope in darkness, and perish. I need not say that you have done this most effectually. The argument, 'Cursed be Canaan,' is entirely sufficient to show that the Creator did not intend that the descendants of Ham should be upon an equality with those of Shem and Japheth.—This, alone, is ample to prove that *niggers, at least*, are not equal to other men. But when, 'as if to make assurance doubly sure,' you bring forth that masterly and splendid illustration of yours, we stand astonished and amazed at the manifestation of intellect, which, seemingly without effort, could grasp a conception like that. I refer, of course, to the conversation between two of your characteri, wherein young Arthur—whom I should consider the softest kind of a spooney, if he were not a slaveholder, and, therefore, entitled to my respect—points out to the abolitionist, Hubbard, an idiot across the way, and triumphantly asks him to *look there, and say, if he can, that all men are equal!* Hubbard is struck dumb, and no wonder. Such an idea is enough to collapse him! I am sure this idea is yours; for, although I have heard of it before, I am certain that its true author is now discovered, and that to you be long all the honor of its paternity. Virginia has produced great intellects—minds of great power and strength. On her prolific bosom, she has borne 'patriot fathers and patriot sages.' 'She is the Mother of Presidents'! But now a greater wonder! Out of the plenitude of her resources, she has given to the world a Mrs. Eastman!—the originator of the greatest idea of the age—the idea that all men are not born free and equal, because an idiot has not the power of mind that other men have! O! magnificent idea! Thou shouldst be written in letters of gold, and placed where all may read. Of course, I acknowledge the superiority of *your* intellect over *mine.* Acknowledging this, how can I do otherwise than admit your right to use me as a slave? Are we not certain that a difference in power of mind is a difference in rights? Are we not aware, that he who has the greatest power of mind, has a right to compel those who are inferior in that respect, to do his bidding, and to become his slaves? Daniel Webster—that great and good man—is one, who, in *intellect*, towers far above the rest of his countrymen. It follows, that all the rest are bound to serve him as his slaves. They—not being his equals in intellect—have no right to own themselves, neither have their wives or their children a rightful claim upon their own bodies!—What revelations do we receive in these latter days!

Respectfully yours,

H. R. H.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

MR. EDITOR: Having just perused the new work, entitled 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin,' and having observed that the writer founds her leading argument upon the sentence, 'Cursed be Canaan,' &c., I shall tender you an answer to the arguments there produced.

Casting aside all books of doubtful authority, the ground upon which I base my views is, that *all* slavery of mind is wrong, contrary to every prompting of conscience, benevolence and humanity, and that it tramples upon all progress in human rights and virtues.

Phrenology proves the human mind to be composed of analogous organs of the same anatomical organization, whether enclosed in the structure of man, woman, or slave; that each of those organs is possessed of a desire, the normal gratification of which desire is a human right. Now, if this desire exists in the brain of the slave, the same as in ours, has he not a right to use it? Is it not our duty to protect him in it? It is, doubtless, the wish of some slaves to read, write, sing, and draw—the natural expression of the organs of language, constructiveness, tune, and, in fact, all the perceptive organs. As I was born and reared under such arguments as the above author makes use of, *I know* that a slave cannot, in very many cases, enjoy himself in the lawful or natural desires of whites, as these are his rights. I maintain that no set of interested men have power to deprive him of them; for, if a man be in the minority, his individual right to free thought and opinion must be preserved. I maintain that if a man and woman unite from love in a state of matrimony, no men nor set of men have a right to separate them. This is one of the glaring defects of slavery. I further contend it is a human right to have a choice of masters. Such is not the case with the slave, who is subject to be, to-day, with a kind master to-morrow, with a brutal one.

The Indian, the white, and the Jews themselves, have been slaves; surely, they were not *all* the children of Ham. If so, where are the children of Shem and Japheth? As the writer has observed, 'all men are not born equal,' because some are idiots. This is admitted; but let me ask her, if all are not, at least, born free—merely bound by an understanding of the true principles of life, to return to their parents or guardians the compensations equivalent for the care bestowed upon them when infants? This is considered fulfilled by the law of States, when a man has reached his twenty-first year. Why not so with the slave?

I maintain that each individual human being, born with a sufficiently organized brain, (not idiots, as the author has alluded to,) has a right to use his mind in any manner whatever, so it tends to the advancement of humanity; and that all human institutions, laws and constitutions, must bend to human rights.

A SOUTHERNER.

Boston, Aug. 21, 1852.

MAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH—PARENTAL OUTRAGES.

LENAWEE WATER CURE, (Mich.) July 25, 1852.

DEAR GARRISON—This day had been designed, by persons of various denominations, to hold a Pic-Nic at Sand Lake, some fifteen miles from this place. Great preparations were made—many children were going—I had been invited with others. It is Sunday, called the Lord's day; and we, believing that a Pic-Nic in the woods, on the shore of a beautiful lake, where we could freely interchange our thoughts on all matters pertaining to man's welfare, would be the Lord's work, concluded to do it on the Lord's day. But it rained, and we did not go. So, a large number met at a private house, close by a beautiful large grove of oaks; and there a swing (a very common amusement for all classes in this region) was fastened to the bough of an oak, and there was great swinging, great discussions, and great enjoyment in that grove. Then, they gathered into the house, formed a harmonical circle, and obtained some striking communications in regard to the Bible, and to the birth, life, character and death of Jesus, and other matters. It was a happy and profitable time to all present. The swinging, the discussions, the merriment, and the harmonical circle, and the communications from the spirit world, as they pretended to be, were all the Lord's work, because they were useful and elevating, and appropriate to the Lord's day. If *all* days belong not to the Lord, to whom do they belong? I go for doing the Lord's work on the Lord's day. The Lord-resting Sunday! What a falsehood! Why, the Lord has worked harder in Michigan, to-day, than any day last week; for every thing has grown as much again to-day as on any day for two weeks past. And why should not men, women and children grow too, to-day, as well as on other days? They should—and those of us who have consecrated the day as some of us have, have grown, intellectually, socially and spiritually, as well as physically.

Ever since I have been here, by this pool of pure, cold water, to 'wash and be clean,' and for many years before, I have been thinking much on MAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH. I was intending to have talked some on this subject, to-day, at our Pic-Nic, had we held it. What I saw around me, at Graefenburg, in 1844, for six months, and what I have seen here, and what I have seen and heard in families and in society, has forced this subject continually upon me. Is man's 'right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' inherent and inalienable? Not less natural, inherent and inalienable is our right to health—to health of body and mind. Whoever inflicts disease upon a human being, no matter whether through ignorance, indifference, or intention, perpetrates an outrage on human rights. An invasion of human rights is atrocious or deplorable in proportion to its effects on the happiness of those whose rights are invaded. What shall be said of those parents who invade this most sacred right of their children—even before they are born into this world? Can the human mind conceive the amount of suffering in this world, caused solely by diseases transmitted by parents to their children? What proportion of those who have died, the past fifty years, died of the result of diseases received from their parents? How many of the hundreds of millions, now on this earth, will be swept away by violations of the right to health, on the part of parents? Have children the right to receive from the authors of their being, healthy bodies and healthy souls? If so, what shall be said of those who inflict on their innocent, helpless, unborn children, perverted souls and diseased bodies? Can man commit a greater outrage against nature, against justice and humanity, than to inflict on his offspring loathsome and most painful disease, to terminate a brief life of anguish by a violent and painful death?

All around me are cases of cruelty and outrage, such as it would seem impossible for man to commit. There is one diseased, from head to foot, with *scrofula.* Fifteen years of suffering, soon to end in death, is the inheritance received from his father. There is another filled with cancerous humors, now gathering to a head right over her heart, to gnaw into her vitals, and in a few years to lay her into her grave—a legacy from her mother. There is another poor insane woman, filled with loathsome bodily disease, but the most loathsome of all her diseases is a brutal husband. God pity all women afflicted, as she is, with this most foul disease! Better that they had the consumption, the cholera, the plague. *Such* a husband is a disease more to be dreaded than the small pox or a thousand cancers. Poor woman! She has been insane several years. What treatment has she received from that putrid disease, called a husband? By him, in her helpless insanity, she became a mother; and from her child's conception to its birth, and during its period of nursing, she was totally and helplessly insane. What an inheritance must that child receive by birth! If any man should be hung, such a husband should be. Yet he is a member of a *Christian* church, in good and regular standing.

I once knew a young woman, a member of a Presbyterian church, greatly diseased and afflicted with scrofula. She wished to go to a water-cure establishment, and wash and be clean, if possible. Her minister opposed it. 'Why,' said he, 'would you go there?' 'To cleanse my system from disease by the aid of cold water.' 'You had better get rid of it,' said he 'by riding about, by out-door exercise, by strengthening medicines and drink.' 'I have tried them,' said she, 'and they do no good.' 'GET MARRIED, then,' said the minister, 'and have a family, and that will cure you.' 'What!' said she, 'would you have me get rid of my disease by transferring it, as a mother's legacy, to my children!' 'Yes,' said the priest, 'I see no harm in that; thousands do it continually.' 'What an inheritance,' she exclaimed, 'for a mother to bequeath to her helpless children! And a Christian minister urging me to it! I had rather get rid of it by water-cure, than inflict this wrong upon my children.'

If parents outraged the rights of children to life and health, after they are born, as they do before, they would be condemned and treated as murderers, and justly; but to inflict on them lingering torture and death, before they are born, in the shape of scrofula, erysipelas, cancer, consumption, or insanity, is counted all right and proper for them; their religion tells them, 'it is all the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.'

Dear Garrison, you have devoted your life to the elucidation and advocacy of human rights. Nobly and efficiently have you done the work given you to do. God in heaven bless you for your fidelity. What do you think? HAVE CHILDREN A SACRED RIGHT TO HEALTH? If so, what shall be said of those debauched and reckless men and women, who are, and are to be, the parents of future generations? I wish ministers all had to preach one year about a preparation to become healthy parents of healthy children. How much better than their cant about preparing for death, judgment, eternity! But do say—have children a right to health?

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

☞ The *Southern Press* says—'We are satisfied that it would be beneficial to the master and slave to promote marriage, and the observance of all its duties and relations.' The world moves!

A SOUTHERN RUFFIAN IN CONGRESS.

Here is a scene that transpired in the U. S. House of Representatives, on Tuesday, the 24th ultimo. It is to be added to the long catalogue of similar outrages which have been committed on the floor of Congress, invariably by Southern blackguards and bullies:—

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill making appropriations for the support of light-houses, the general debate having been previously limited to one hour.

Mr. Polk said it was not his purpose to discuss the bill before them, but to show, among other things, that the Whig party had gone into liquidation, and cannot pay ten cents on the dollar. He was at Baltimore, when the Whigs nominated Gen. Scott, and it was understood for three or four days that men from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee had agreed to come to Seward, and the fact that he was nominated showed that the bargain had been made.

Mr. Cullom—I can't hear my colleague.

[These gentlemen occupy seats on the opposite of the hall. Members generally manifested additional interest in the proceedings.]

Mr. Polk—I wish then you would come a little nearer.

Mr. Cullom—I understand you to say something about the betrayal of the South.

Mr. Polk—I say the man who now occupies a position as Senator from Tennessee, was to have been nominated with Fillmore on the ticket, and that he betrayed his interest. My colleague can answer whether he was connected with the betrayal.

Mr. Cullom—My colleague in the Senate can answer for himself. I proclaim here that I have entered into no collusion, public or private, and I pronounce the insinuation gratuitous, unfounded, untruthful, and utterly false.

The Chairman, Mr. Venable, knocked to order, and much excitement was everywhere manifest, many of the members rising to their feet, a rush being made by the lobby occupants to the bar.

Mr. Polk resumed, saying there was but one way to come at the fact, and that was a straight-forward course. I repeat, Senator Jones betrayed the Whig party of Tennessee. And I will make another charge; I will not allow this thing to go into an indefinite kind of responsibility. I will make it fixed. One thing I say: When my colleague made the assertion at the City Hall in this city, that Franklin Pierce, on his horse, fainted, he lied.

The Chairman and others called to order, and there was excitement, and apprehension of a personal conflict.

Mr. Cullom replied: When my colleague insinuates that I have made a false representation, he is a liar [Sensation.]

Mr. Polk—I ask some friend to come to me.

M. Cullom—That 's what I say.

Mr. Edgarton—I ask that the Finality resolution be read.

Mr. Polk resumed, saying, that after all the illiberal, unfair and shameful attack on Pierces, it was necessary to review Scott's history, and to deny that Scott is all that his friends claim for him; and history would show this. He then spoke of Scott's persecution of Worth, Duncan, Dickinson, Pillow and others, being envious of their fame, and not wishing them to share the honors of the campaign. These soldiers were the victims of his ambition, and Scott was unworthy as a civilian, but was a magnificent humbug. Facts prove these things. After mentioning many things told him by the late General Worth, he said that Scott was sitting in proud state, when Santa Anna's commissioner came to know whether Scott would fight at Chepultepec or not. Scott played the grandee, and submitted to it, and thus sacrificed seven hundred and fifty lives at Molino del Rey.

Mr. White of Kentucky rose, saying he understood the gentleman to make an allusion to an alleged understanding between Scott and Santa Anna. He wished to know whether the gentleman could produce no other evidence of this than by going to the grave-yard.

Mr. Polk—I say what I stated is correct, and I can prove it.

Mr. White—I call for the proof.

Mr. Polk—I will say in answer to the gentleman, that it is not my purpose to engage in personal controversy, but I learn that he is pitted here to assail me, and I say that he understands the rules which govern gentlemen of honor in his county and mine.

Mr. White—I ask the gentleman to give way for a personal explanation.

Mr. Polk—Of course.

Mr. White—The gentleman says he understood I was selected to be pitted with him. I say it is false, and whenever my honor is assailed, I know what to resort to.

[The excitement was at fever point all over the House.]

Mr. Polk—For fear of misapprehension, I tell the gentleman he is a liar.

A dozen gentlemen here jumped to their feet, while others called to order, and there was the greatest confusion, amid which Mr. Chandler said that the scene was disgraceful, and moved in a loud tone that the committee rise; and there were cries of 'Agreed!' 'Agreed!' 'Order!' 'Order!' The Chairman banged with his gavel, and by this time every body was on tip-toe. Loud cries of 'Down in front!' 'Order!' Bang, bang, went the hammer.

Mr. Polk refused to give way to Mr. Chandler, saying he had the floor.

Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, said that the motion of Mr. Chandler would not effect the object desired.

The Chairman said the motion of the gentleman could not be entertained, Mr. Polk not yielding the floor for that purpose.

Mr. Chandler—The language used in this House is irritating, leading to quarrels, perhaps to bloodshed. I appeal to the House to sustain its dignity. Such proceedings are disgraceful.

The excitement soon subsided.

Mr. Polk continued his speech in praise of Pierce, and in detraction of Scott, representing the latter in any thing but a becoming light, and wound up by making reference to a certain document distributed by the Whigs to injure Gen. Pierce in the North, having reprinted an article from the *National Era*, showing that Pierce is a friend of slavery, while documents of a contrary character, based on the New Boston speech, are flooding the South.

Mr. Cullom asked leave to make a personal explanation.

Mr. Stewart objected only on the ground that general discussion had terminated, by previous order of the House.

To accommodate Mr. Cullom, the committee rose, when that gentleman expressed his regret that he should occupy one moment of the time of the House, when they were about to shake hands and return home. He had been respectful and kind to all Whigs and Democrats, and had given no occasion to his colleague for an attack.

Mr. Polk here explained, saying that he alluded to what Mr. Cullom said at the City Hall, when he charged Pierce with cowardice.

Mr. Cullom replied. He blushed to-day at the conduct of his colleague.

The Speaker. The gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Cullom—My remarks shall be kind. My colleague has sought a kind of notoriety I do not envy. He has been ringing himself into every speech delivered here, and his hand is against every man. He assails on the right and on the left, and I am astonished at the forbearance of gentlemen.

Mr. Polk. (in his seat.) I said you are a liar, and I say so again.

Mr. Cullom—I will not assail the gentleman outside of the record; but when he tramples upon my honor, I will let him know that I hold him and his braggadocio in utter contempt. As to Gov. Jones, I merely repel the charge against him. I say the statement is a vile and infamous slander. I cannot suppose the Democracy has put the gentleman forward to denounce General Scott as a vain, foolish man, and void of all patriotism and honor. I am afraid this will ruin Scott's fame. High as my colleague's reputation is, he cannot damage Scott.

Mr. Polk—I did not say that Scott was a coward, but that there is no evidence to show that Pierce was; for if Pierce was a coward, Scott was a liar, and others who say so are liars.

Mr. Cullom said the gentleman had qualified his expression. I heard no man denounce Pierce as a coward at the meeting alluded to. I merely referred to a historical fact, namely, that Pierce's horse stumbled, and that Pierce fainted. I advise my colleague to get some glue and stick himself to his seat, and maintain his dignity. I think it unfortunate that my colleague alluded to the Mexican war, and that his reference to Santa Anna was wrong, considering the gentleman's relation to the administration under which it was conducted.

☞ This braggart and ruffian, Polk, is a brother of the late President Polk.

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